

Gent

OCTOBER, 1980
\$2.75
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Home of the D-Cups

**USCHI'S
THE PRIZE!
Enter On p. 11**

**Plus 8
More Pics
Of Uschi
Inside**

**Nude Beaches:
How and Where
To Make
The Scene**

**The Amazing
Sex Life of
Jamie Gillis**

**Surefire
Orgasm
Machines**

**Yum, Yum
p. 87**



How to Take Pictures of Naked Girls For Fun and Profit

Have you ever looked at girls in a magazine and wondered what was going on between the model and photographer? Don't wonder any more because this book tells it all. In fact, if you're ambitious and don't mind working with naked girls, you can go into business for yourself.

This book tells you how to do it. And it doesn't matter whether you are an amateur with an Instamatic or a professional with a Nikon, there's still plenty to learn. In fact, if you're a professional, you may have to *unlearn* some of your ideas.

The author of this book is Steven L. Craig. He's been talking and selling glamour pictures since 1959. Here's your chance to learn the no-nonsense truth from someone who knows what he's talking about. Whether you take pictures for profit, for fun, or both, check out what's in the book:

CHAPTER ONE: Why men drool over naked girls and why they don't want to admit it. Why they pretend that those pictures are "art" instead of what they really are. And why this has been going on for hundreds of years and still is today.

CHAPTER TWO: Why the posing guides, model directories, and market reports get old fast.

CHAPTER THREE: HOW TO LOOK LIKE A SUCCESSFUL PHOTOGRAPHER BEFORE YOU SHOOT ONE ROLL OF FILM. How to make your business connections and get discounts. How to get licensed, tax deductible advantages and stay in good with the IRS.

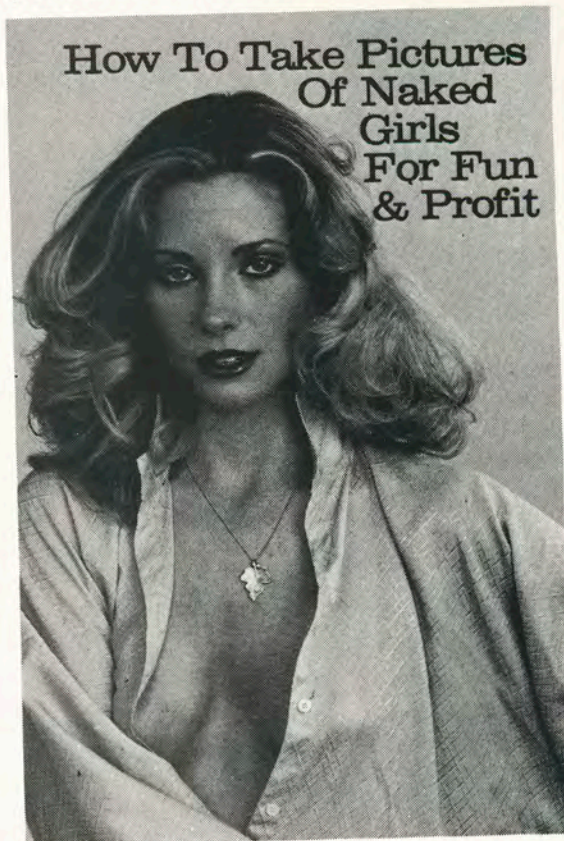
CHAPTER FOUR: What equipment you *really* need (besides what God gave you). How to get your best buys in new and used cameras, lenses, lights, and more. How to ignore what other photographers tell you that you need.

CHAPTER FIVE: How to go after naked girls by letting them come to you. How to make a good impression the first time out: obvious and unusual places to find girls who want to show you everything.

CHAPTER SIX: More in Locating Models and How to Have More Girls than a Millionaire Playboy.

CHAPTER SEVEN: How to make it legal. How to protect yourself with model releases. How to decide what model fees (if any) to pay the girl and what your choices are (such as flat fee, percentage of sales, test shots, etc.).

CHAPTER EIGHT: How to study the picture market to see what sells. How to analyze what's being published in terms of the model, the setting, lighting, and props. How to be "original" and "creative".



This fully illustrated, fact filled and fun filled book can be yours now for only \$11.95 by sending in the coupon below

CAVALIER: The Last Word
P.O. Box 158,
Island Park, N.Y. 11558

Please rush me copies of Steven L. Craig's book, "How To Take Pictures of Naked Girls for Fun and Profit." Please enclose \$11.95 for each copy plus \$1.50 for postage and handling.

Name

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City

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New York residents please add appropriate sales tax. Because of the frank nature of text and photos, we will not sell the book to anyone under the age of 18.

CHAPTER NINE: How to get your model all lit up. How come the fanciest, most expensive lighting is often the *worst* lighting. How to use strobes, reflectors, quartz lights, and more. Why lighting is what it is today; plus diagrams on how to do it. How the wrong film can produce great results.

CHAPTER TEN: How to put a fire in your model's tail. How to arouse her, charm her, and get her in the right mood. How to bring on the music and the booze without getting suspicious.

CHAPTER ELEVEN: How to get it on with your model without losing your professional standing. What you can get away with and what you'd better not try.

CHAPTER TWELVE: How to take good girlie pictures. How to get perfect poses from an inexperienced model. How to keep the mood and the model going for shot after shot after shot.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN: What to do with the finished pictures. How to pick out your best shots and package them into a selling set. How to keep good records and avoid hassles with your editors. How to decide between freelancing and working with an agency.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN: How to put everything together in a winning combination. How to make sure you keep your eye on the ball; plus a few last minute reminders to hang over your bed.

BECAUSE OF THE FRANK NATURE OF TEXT AND PHOTOS, WE WILL NOT SELL THIS BOOK TO ANYONE UNDER THE AGE OF 18.

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An all-time favorite is teamed up with a close friend for a kinky scene.





The Mail Slot

OLD MAMMA JUGS

DEAR GENT:

I'm writing this letter to request more—more—*much more* of my favorite D-Cup filler upper, "Old Mama Jugs" Candy Samples. As long as this sexy oldie but goodie is in one of your issues the rest of the pages can be blank for all I care.

I'm especially turned on by women who have big nipples as well as big breasts plus that "certain something" that makes them universally regarded as extra special. Candy is one of the chosen few that qualify. As an older sexpot I'm sure that everyone would have to agree that she rates a 10.

On the other hand, if anyone disagrees with me they should send GENT a model release and some nude poses of an older gal who they believe has more on the ball than Candy.

What I'd especially like to see are some very recent nude photos of Candy with her bush shaved off. I also hope Candy gains some weight, all in her tits of course. At any rate, let's have more unwrapped Candy for those of us who never tire of seeing more of the sexiest and best hung older model in the U.S.A.—A Candy Lover, Washington.

Dear Candy Lover: We'd be hard-

➤ Dolly has to be one of the most popular girls we've ever featured, and with good reason. Although she's almost guaranteed to please any fat girl fan, guys who like their women slimmer go for her too. There's something about her sweet smile and cute face which appeals to just about everybody. Dolly has made two recent previous appearances; in the February and July '80 issues of GENT, and we've decided to run another fantastic pictorial of her within the next few months. This layout includes the best photos of Dolly we've ever seen. You won't want to miss it!

pressed to find another model with more on the ball than Candy, and it seems a lot of our readers agree. Keep on reading, because we've recently received some great new shots of Candy, which we're using in an upcoming issue.

YES, YES—SHOW US MORE

DEAR GENT:

My wife and I love your magazine and we read it often. I think that my wife would look wonderful in your magazine. She has magnificent breasts as you can see. I told her that she should let me photograph her, but she said she didn't know if she was pretty enough.

A friend of mine copied this photo I have of her and made the copy to send you. My wife said if you print it she'll feel all right about me taking some nude shots of her. Maybe if your readers would write and say that they'd like to see her in the nude she'd let me photograph her.

I think she's got a beautiful body. Please print this in your letters column. My wife would like to know if other men would like her body as much as I do. If they do, then I'll send some nude shots.—R.B., Baltimore.

Dear R.B.: We agree that your wife is indeed, wonderful, and also totally amazing. It's difficult to imagine such a lovely big-breasted girl having such a tiny waist. Unfortunately, although your wife has a pretty face, we had to crop it out of the picture because you didn't send a model release, or your return address, and publishing law requires us to have a model release before we publish anyone's photo. We would be more than glad to see some nude shots of your wife. She's just the sort of woman GENT is looking for.

THE BIGGEST REDHEAD

DEAR GENT:

I have been a GENT reader for years. I enjoy every issue very much. I am now stationed in Greece and am unable to buy your great magazines over here.



A READER'S WIFE: want to see more?

Enclosed is a check for a one year subscription. Please rush my first issue. All my old issues are getting very worn.

By the way, my favorite model is Margaret (September 1979 and numerous other months). She has the most beautiful face, red hair and voluptuous body. She is to me the most beautiful woman you have had in your magazine. I hope to see her again soon—J.D., APO New York.

Dear J.D.: We're glad you enjoyed Margaret as much as we did, and you'll be getting some brand new copies of GENT delivered very soon. You might be interested in a candid three-part interview with Margaret which we featured in the May, June, and July issues of GENT this year. Margaret talks about her childhood on a farm, details of her background, and a revealing glimpse of what it's like to be a porn star. Copies can be ordered by sending \$3 for each issue to GENT BACK ISSUES, 316 Aragon Ave., Suite 209, Coral Gables FL 33134.

Within the next few months, we intend to run some great new photos of Margaret which were just shot by one

The Mail Slot

of our California photographers. She's a lot more sophisticated looking now, but she still has one of the most incredible bodies in the business.

MEMORIES OF CHESTY

DEAR GENT:

Thanks so much for reprinting the interview and pictures of Chesty Morgan in your May issue. I've been in love with that woman's tremendous breasts for a long time. I've never been fortunate enough to see her in person, but a couple of years ago I saw her great film *Deadly Weapons*. It is without a doubt the best movie I've ever seen. I sat through it twice and just about masturbated myself silly. The scene where I finally shot my load was when she did her Las Vegas striptease routine. Wow, what a show! Seeing those huge pink watermelons burst out of her tight costume was simply incredible!

During the credits at the start of the movie there was also some unbelievable footage of Chesty giving her nude breasts a vigorous massage. The entire sequence was filmed extremely close-up. All you could see were her gigantic breasts completely filling the screen, while her hands rubbed over every inch of them. She stroked those whoppers like she was trying for the world's largest orgasm. I've never seen anything more stimulating!

I'm so happy to hear Chesty has produced two daughters. Hopefully they'll grow up to be as big as she, or preferably even bigger! Big girls like Chesty owe it to the world to breed lots of daughters to genetically carry on their endowments to future generations. It's their duty to increase the number of big-busted women in the population. (If Chesty wants more children, I'll be glad to impregnate her. I'd also be willing to stand at stud for Dolly, Karen, Uschi, Candy, or Roberta Pedon.)

You guys have got to find some more photos of Chesty. If you could print just one full-page shot of her in every issue, you'd have me as a subscriber for life! (You can start by blowing up that little picture on page 39.) In your interview, Chesty mentioned another film besides *Deadly Weapons*. Do you have any more info on her second flick?

I'd also like to see more layouts of pregnant girls, especially those who are quite far along. Pregnancy is the sexiest and most beautiful condition a woman can achieve. During those nine months, her hormones flow thick and fast. Her skin becomes softer and smoother, and even her hair grows thicker and richer. And of course, we all know that her breasts and buttocks swell to their maximum size. At no other time is a woman so totally feminine! Waddling around with her swollen belly and her breasts heavy with milk, she proclaims to the world she is a fully functioning female, performing her reproductive duties as females have done since the dawn of time. Every woman has a powerful instinctive desire to become pregnant, to feel her belly grow big with child, because she knows it is the natural fulfillment of her destiny as a female.

Finally, let me voice my enthusiastic approval of the new plumper Dolly. I love the way she's filling out. Give her a pat on the belly and tell her to keep eating. She's becoming a very well-rounded girl! — A California Breast-Worshipper.

Dear C.B.W.: No, unfortunately we don't have any information on the second flick Chesty refers to in her interview (see May, '80 issue). In fact, we have very little information on Deadly Weapons and appreciated the information you provided in your letter. We have been trying to obtain a print of the film but have been having trouble getting in touch with the right parties. If any of our readers could provide any information regarding the movie's production company, etc., we'd love to hear from ya.

FAT VS. SKINNY

DEAR GENT:

As a subscriber for several years, I just want to put my two cents worth in concerning the fat vs. skinny dispute that seems to be developing among readers.

In the last issue, the guy from Wisconsin threatens to quit buying GENT because of the chubby models he calls pigs. He calls guys who like heavier girls "turkeys." Well, if that's so I enjoy being a turkey. Fortunately, over the last few years, you have begun to recognize the classic beauty

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The Mail Slot

of feminine fat. I agree wholeheartedly with "A True Dolly Fan" who also expressed his views last issue. A lot of us want pretty, luscious girls with fat asses, thighs, bellies as well as big tits. A fat girl can be both pretty and shapely, and if she has a nice face, then she's tops!

The fact is, we see way too many magazines with thin, angular girls whose asses are entirely flat and whose hips would have no shape were it not for their pelvis.

To sum up, I expect more heavy girls; girls with big, round (not flabby) asses; girls with a healthy appetite who like to stuff their faces and admit it — in other words, honest girls who don't feel guilty about enjoying the pleasure of eating. Chances are they are the ones who are more sensuous anyway.

I will concede that Bonnie Lee is not what I expect. D.L.H. was right about her. She gives fat a bad name. Surely there are lots of beautiful girls who have put on plenty of extra weight in the ass and other delightful places who will pose for GENT. So many of your models border on that heavenly state of sensual chubbiness already that a few weeks of induced gluttony should do the trick! I'd love to see Denise eat herself out of her next size. I fantasize about feeding chocolates to Keli Stewart until her cute little ass starts to bulge sensuously! Get the idea?

Don't abandon us "turkeys." — P.O., Georgia.

WHAT HAPPENED TO MARSHA?

DEAR GENT:

Though I am a big fan of GENT, I have been repeatedly disappointed that you have yet to mention or photograph the women who first brought my attention to the D-Cup delight. I'm speaking of the star of the movie "The Divorcee and the Daisy Chain," Marsha Jordan.

No matter how many voluptuous women I see in your great magazine, Marsha is still my all-time favorite. Can you give me some idea what happened to her? I'm sure I'm not the only one who remembers Marsha, and I sure will appreciate any information you can give me about her. —

D.T., Texas.

Dear D.T.: To be honest, we've never heard of either the movie or Marsha Jordan. But, if any of our readers can help you out, we will gladly print their replies in future issues.

A BIG BREASTED FAN

DEAR GENT:

I'm a woman whose husband reads every issue of GENT. Being big busted myself, 38D-25-36, I appreciate seeing how much your models enjoy their tits and how much your readers enjoy big tits too.

I love to emphasize my bust as much as possible. Tight sweaters, low cut blouses and form fitting dresses are all part of my wardrobe. I really get turned on by all the attention my bust receives. It is kind of funny to see all the ways men try to "accidentally" brush against my breasts — offering me wine with their fingers pushing the glass into my bust or reaching for a book and accidentally brushing across my bosom as they reach in front of me. Another turn-on for me is to wear a loose low cut blouse and bend over in front of people. They really take quite an interest in watching my boobs try to escape from my bra.

At the beach I wear a two-piece bathing suit. It is decent enough, but I get plenty of looks anyhow. To give people a real eyeful, I bend over to make my sand castles and my breasts just about pour out of my top. I really get an audience! My husband, bless his soul, doesn't mind my attempts at showing off my bosom. In fact, he encourages me to be proud of my figure. He says that he is very proud when people look at me.

Needless to say, my husband is a big tit man. He loves to look at girls with big tits and this doesn't bother me at all. In fact, this is a "hobby" that we both have. We talk about men who look at my tits and I point out the big busted gals for him to look at. I like to look at big boobs myself and I'm not ashamed to say that I get turned on by big tits. I don't consider myself a lesbian — it's just that big breasts are beautiful. After all, *Cosmopolitan*, *Playgirl* and other women's magazines all have plenty of photos of women topless or in skimpy bathing

suits. Obviously other women like to see nude or nearly nude women.

I read GENT with my husband. We both become very aroused as we enjoy the models with their big tits just being so beautiful. Then we talk about our fantasies and get even more excited. When my husband is out of town, I read GENT by myself and have a nice long enjoyable time looking at the great boobs and playing with myself. The longer I look at those beautiful boobs the more excited I become and the more I play with myself. Just remember, there are plenty of women who read GENT. — S.B., Michigan.

Dear S.B.: We're glad to have you as a reader and believe us, you're not alone judging from the amount of mail we receive from ladies. If you'd like to "show off" your figure in a future issue, mail us the best you have in the way of photos and we will let you know if they're publishable.

A DEVOTED READER

DEAR GENT:

As a reader of many different men's magazines such as *Penthouse*, *Playboy*, *High Society*, etc., I find your magazine to be the most refreshing. The articles are tremendous — they give the impression of women as people, believable, sensitive and attainable to the average guy — not just sex objects.

I especially liked the interview with Chesty Morgan, "In Praise of Homely Girls," and techniques for the "Guide to Scoring" in your May issue.

As a lover of big breasted women I of course love your selection of women. I loved the layout of Jean, Betsy and Uschi in the May issue. You have a great selection of big breasted women who are not only big breasted, but also gorgeous.

Continue the great work. I really am hoping that you print my letter. — J., New York. **G**

WANT TO GET IT OFF YOUR CHEST? Send your questions, remarks, or other items of interest to The Mail Slot, 316 Aragon Ave., Suite 209, Coral Gables FL 33134. We are always happy to assist you in any way we can.

Electric Massagers

With a variety of unique attachments and enough power to get a girl over the hump, electric massagers can launch you both into an erotic outer orbit.

If you've been thinking of buying your woman a vibrator—or even if you haven't—an *electric Massager* is the device to buy. Not only is it the best vibrator on the market, but it's a device that you can enjoy too! When a device comes along that's not only pleasurable to a man, but can help arouse him to orgasm, it's a rare find. So don't pass it up. An electric Massager is a device you'll *both* love.

BY BONNIE RUSSO

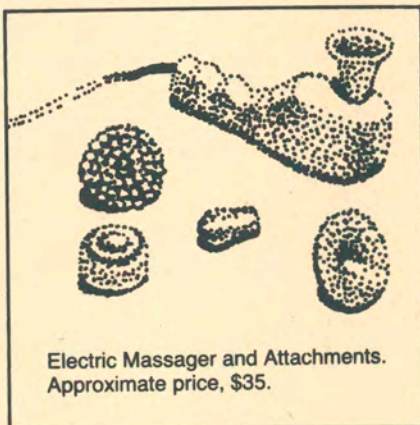
Even if you don't like vibrators, you'll probably like this device. Because—although it's referred to as a vibrator—it's not like any battery operated vibrator on the market. It belongs in a category of its own.

Most battery operated vibrators aren't powerful enough to get a woman off adequately, even the hard plastic types. They have to be used very carefully, and even then, they tend to numb her clitoris just as she's nearing her orgasm. This often prevents her from obtaining the orgasm. And that's a drag.

There are other drawbacks as well. The batteries quickly run down and lose power. When a woman needs a good zap to get her off, the batteries are usually on the verge of pooping out. To make matters worse, these vibrators often have faulty connections. Sometimes the cap becomes loose or the vibrating mechanism is out of joint. Just when your woman is on the edge of orgasm, the vibrator stops dead!

Well, an electric massager doesn't

have any of these drawbacks. It's powerful enough to give your woman a terrific orgasm every time. There are no batteries to run down. But most important, she doesn't have to worry about her clitoris becoming numb. The device produces two very differ-



ent types of vibrations. When one vibration seems to be numbing her, all she has to do is switch to the other type of vibration for a few seconds and her numbness will disappear. The intensity of these vibrations tends to stimulate your woman rather than numb her.

The most unusual quality about this device, however, is that men also find it very pleasurable and arousing. You may not be able to masturbate with it like a woman can, but with a little help from your hand, the device can help you rise to a naughty and exciting orgasm.

When you go to purchase an electric massager, you may find it under different names: *Prelude II*, *Olympus IV*, *The Explorer*, or *Foreplay To Love*.

But don't let the names fool you. They're the same device—an electric massaging unit with five rubber attachments.

The electric massaging unit itself is a compact, but substantial device, and it resembles a small hand drill. It's six inches long and has a three inch handle with indentations for the fingers. A four foot utility cord is attached to the handle and plugs into any 120 volt wall socket. The switch is on the back side of the device at thumb level for ease of changing speeds.

As mentioned earlier, there are two separate speeds. One consists of fine, light, high-frequency vibrations and the other consists of heavy, powerful, low-frequency vibrations. There's a tremendous difference between the two.

The high-frequency vibrations feel tingly, almost like an electric current rushing through your body. The low-frequency vibrations, on the other hand, feel aggressive and send penetrating vibrations through you. The fine, high-frequency speed should be used most of the time. It's powerful enough to produce a great orgasms, but it's not so powerful that it'll turn your woman off. Use the heavy, low-frequency speed with discretion. It's good for reawakening any area that might be getting numb. But if this speed is used for too long at one time, it may turn you or your woman off because it's just too powerful.

An electric massager contains five interchangeable attachments made of firm rubber, each supposedly made for a different part of the body: 1) Fa-

continued on page 71

DEBBIE: Defying Gravity

Debbie Golemis lives on the incredibly beautiful Greek island, Idra, and she is even lovelier than the scenery. She is typical of the girls who live there—dark and exotic. But, although she is Greek by nationality, she hopes to be an American soon. It seems she has this thing for men from America. “Every summer I meet men, vacationing in Idra, and I think the guys from the United States are best. Greek men are very possessive and old-fashioned, always wanting to keep their women at home while they go out. American men have a much better attitude. They seem to enjoy a woman’s company more, and they’re not as inhibited about sex.” Well, that’s good to hear, and we can’t imagine Debbie not being able to find plenty of men wherever she goes. Especially with her sultry good looks and her unique (43-26-37) figure. Any true tit man would have to appreciate Debbie’s jutting breasts and large aureoles. It’s rare indeed to find a girl as big-breasted as her with such lovely protruding boobs.





This is Debbie's first time as a nude model, and we're happy to give her a break. She's grateful for the chance, and might even make a career out of it when she gets to America. There's no doubt she'd do well, and we're hoping she'll make the trip soon. After all, there's always room for a beautiful girl. At the moment, she is saving her money, practicing her English, and waiting for the right opportunity. We know a lot of guys who'd be glad to help her.







ENTER USCHI'S SWEEPSTAKES

HOW TO ENTER

To enter *Uschi's Sweepstakes* fill out all the information requested on the form below and then, writing in the space provided on the coupon (use an extra sheet of paper if you need more space), tell us in 50 words or less why you would like to receive a phone call from our famous sex symbol columnist. Enclose your entry in an envelope and mail to us no later than **October 31, 1980**. GENT's editorial staff will act as judges for the contest and all entries become the property of GENT Magazine.

WHEN USCHI CALLS

We think it might need saying right now that Uschi is a fuckin' lady and won't tolerate any obscenity or other such nonsense during your telephone conversation. Obviously, she will be in total control of the conversation and

FIRST PRIZE WINNER:

A personal telephone call from the one and only Uschi Digard. Plus an 8x10 color photograph autographed by Uschi AND Uschi's seductive 35 minute recorded cassette.

10 SECOND PRIZE WINNERS:

The 10 lucky second prize winners will receive a high quality color 8x10 glossy photograph of Uschi autographed by the lady herself. A beautiful conversation piece and keepsake which is impossible to obtain other than by winning in GENT's contest.

10 THIRD PRIZE WINNERS:

We will award 10 third place readers Uschi's 35 minute cassette recording. A tape you'll play again and again as Uschi's exotic European accent and sexual intellect weave a pleasant spell of intimacy you won't be able to resist.

50 FOURTH PRIZE WINNERS:

And so 50 more guys can come out winners in this contest, we will send advance copies of the 1981 GENT YEARBOOK to 50 fourth place finishers. (This YEARBOOK is scheduled for a January 1981 mailing.)

free to terminate it as her good judgment dictates. But, if you are the lucky one to receive a call from Uschi — and if you behave yourself on the phone — you will have a once in a lifetime opportunity to converse personally with one of the world's most sexual women.

IF YOU'RE A WINNER

Winners will be contacted by mail soon after the October 31st deadline for entries. Because of "lead time" and other publishing technicalities, the announcement of the winners in GENT will be delayed until the March issue, but prizes (except the YEARBOOKS) will be distributed in November, 1980. Please note: employees of Dugent Publishing Corp. and their immediate families are prohibited from entering. See the coupon below to enter TODAY and Good Luck!

Official Uschi's Sweepstakes Entry Form

Mail To: Uschi's Sweepstakes, 316 Aragon Ave., Suite 209, Coral Gables, Florida 33134.

Using the space provided below, tell us in 50 words or less why you would like to be the one to receive a personal phone call from our internationally famous columnist. If you don't want to cut your magazine, write your entry on a separate piece of paper but be sure to provide all the information requested on this form. Enclose your entry in an envelope and mail to us no later than October 31, 1980.

Name	I'd like to receive a call from Uschi because:
Street Address	
City	
State & Zip	
Telephone	



— A sensual black and white shot of Uschi from a memorable photo session with our leading lady a couple of years ago in L.A. For more of these spontaneous photographs shot in and around Uschi's own home, see our "Spotlight On Uschi" pictorial, page 56.

ready for this — well, she insists that they be in German. Oh, yes, she speaks German. In fact, she is German. From Germany, too.

I asked her why one time, and you know what she told me? She said that since Kraut is her native tongue, she finds dirty stuff especially a turn-on when it's in that shitty sounding language because those words were forbidden to her when she was a kid.

Well, I guess I blabbed enough for now. But be honest with me now. No bullshit. Don't you think that's freaky?

—The Munch King, Portland, Ore.

Dear *Liebchen*:

No. But don't talk so much with your mouth full.

HEY, USCHI:

I love to wave my cock at the ladies. I do it all the time. You know, "Flash." I do it in the subway. I do it in parking lots late at night when chicks are going to their cars. And I do it in broad day-

too. So now I need your help.

This jack off said he read that crap somewhere, right? Well, you're up on all that kind of stuff — or, are supposed to be anyway, so I want to know if he's right or wrong.

Am I special? Or are there a lot of other assholes doing it, too?

—Freddy Whip-Dick,
Manhattan, New York

Dear Mr. Whip-:

Hold on to your meat, because here comes the shock:

At least one in every three American women has witnessed indecent exposure by males, according to a University of Virginia researcher. Only 15 percent of them, though, report the incident to the police.

The survey was taken among female college students across the nation. Thus, it's projected that at least 40 million femmes have, at one time or another, been exposed to indecent exposure.

Figure's would be higher if older women had been polled.

Incidentally, 13 percent of the gals said it effected their attitudes toward sex-or men, 14 percent said it changed their opinion of themselves, and 18 percent found it distressing.

Now, since you can't be in two places at the same time, obviously you're not the only one who likes to wave his baton for a public concert. Thus, simple logic tells us that you have brothers under the foreskin out there doing the same thing.

Sort of cock happy clones, so to speak.

Oh, by the way, would you like to know the name of the University of Virginia researcher? Dr. Daniel J. Cox.

DEAR USCHI:

At six foot four and 220 lbs., all of which is pure athlete, I like to fancy myself as being quite the B.M.O.C.

I've certainly made it with more than my fair share of fine looking college women and my desirability among the ladies is anything but dwindling.

With the above stated facts well in mind, I would now like to give you the

Ask Uschi

DEAR USCHI:

I go with a lady I like very much. She's got a great body and she's fun to be with, but there is something about her which I think is kind of weird. At least I think it's weird. That's why I'm writing you now. I want you to tell me if it's weird.

BY USCHI DIGARD

See, she likes me to give her head. Okay, I know there's nothing strange about that. But now here's the funny part: when I'm going down on her, she likes to look at porno picture magazines. And not just the ordinary kind. But the kind which have stories accompanying the filthy photos.

And the words — now are you

light, too, when girls are coming out of school.

I love the look on their faces when they see my little pink snake suddenly appear... "Psssstt — look you, cunt!" I got to tell you, I really get their attention!!! I love it. I fucking-a love it!

The other day, though, I got a shock. I couple of the guys down at the shop (I'm an electrical engineer) know I do it, and one of them told me that I'm really not special. He told me he read somewhere that millions of women have seen guys flash their peckers at them in public places, so there must be millions of other guys doing it, too. Which means, he said, "You ain't so special, Charlie (that's my name)."

Now that pissed me off. So I called him a fucking liar. Right to his face,

Ask Uschi

ultimate in compliments: masturbating over your photos and the thought of making it with you is very often equal in pleasure to making it with the real thing.

You have got some kind of quality about you that makes you ultimately desirable to any man, no matter how much pussy he may be getting! Thanks for making my life interesting by representing to me the "Ultimate Challenge."

I'm going to sign off now, because I have some photos of you in front of me, and I'm going to —
—"Big Guy," Boise, Idaho

Dear "Big:"

And the nice thing about pictures, don't you think, is that they don't grade your performance.

HELLO, LOVELY LADY!

I have a predicament that maybe you can help me with. But first I think your magazine is great. I just discovered it about a month ago. It's really a great magazine.

And you? Your facial features are nice, the right size big tits.

Now for me. Ever since I have been dating girls — seven years now, I'm 22 — I have had a big desire to make love to an older woman. Forty and up, that is. Heavyset, and with big tits. I would *shit* in my pants if I found this type of lady! Could you tell me where I could find this type of lady? And do older women fantasize about making it with younger men?

—A Lover from Texas

Dear Tex:

No, today a lot of older women do not fantasize about making it with younger men. Instead, they make it.

The list of celebs over 40 who like men their junior is almost endless.

Pamela Mason (ex-wife of James); Louise Fletcher (Oscar winner for "One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest"); Shelley Winters, (who's won two Oscars, and a few Georges, Joes, Mikes, Dicks, and Peters, as well); Jeanne Moreau; and June Lockhart (from the *Lassie Show*, arf!)

Now, where to find them? Easy. Coming out of beauty salons, at the supermarket, shopping in department stores, or buying goodies at boutiques. Some have even been known

to walk their dogs.

Last thought: Be sure and change your underwear! Most older women have already done enough diapers.

DEAR USCHI:

I hope you do not mind getting a love letter from a 66-year-old man. For you have been among my top 10 sex subjects and you are responsible for scores of beautiful orgasms.

Linda, my wife, is not very much for sex anymore and that is bad because she is still good looking and I need it as much as any time.

At my age, of course, I cannot turn on young girls which I love so dearly to look at. I have to resort to oogling them, or go to bed with a girlie magazine.

This morning Linda brought me the new GENT. She told me right away that it featured several pictures of you. When I came to page 77 where you are still half-dressed, I erupted.

(I should tell you that I am lame in one leg and spend most of my time in bed.) Linda was spellbound when she came in 20 minutes later. She saw the wetness of my orgasm in the towel and marvelled when she saw I was ready to come again.

I was looking at you on page 79, fantasizing myself standing behind you, and I had my second orgasm.

Linda changed towels and as she turned the page to 81 and I saw you nude with your gorgeous nipples she challenged me to come once more. It took only five minutes! (And I had still another orgasm looking at that picture later in the day.)

Believe me, dear Uschi, you are the sexiest girl I have ever seen. I know you are lesbian, but still, I fancy you to be mine. The way you stare at me on page 81. I guarantee to have a full dozen orgasms looking at you before next weekend.

I was 13 when I first tried it, and the girl was 26. But I think Linda holds some kind of record. She was very early developed, and had not turned 13 when she was taken by a man in his 40s, a friend of her father's.

And it was nothing like rape at all. Linda is proud to say that she actually seduced him.

Linda claims she never had any sex with a female, but she admits she gets turned on looking at you. It may not

be feasible, but I wonder if it is possible to have private correspondence with you? Maybe you are too busy?

If you sometime want to come up North, our house is open to you and everything in it. It would be the thrill of my life to meet you alive. I feel I have owned you for the last two years.

Yours faithfully and adoring.

—T.L., Lytton, B.C.

P.S.: After I wrote this letter last night, I have been there twice. My wife is sucking me while I watch you on page 81. I am closing in on my dozen!

Dear T.L.:

Are you sure you spend so much time in bed because of a lame leg? How about just plain ol' fatigue?

DEAREST USCHI:

I am just returning from a long, lonely business trip, and the thing that made it bearable were your photos and your magazine.

My question, dear Uschi, is how do you consistently come up with your tantalizing poses, and look so provocative, available, devastating, innocent, and willing all at the same time. It must be difficult when all you have is a camera and photographer for stimulation!

I'm not asking you to give away any of your professional secrets, but couldn't you share with us some intimate thoughts as to what's on your mind, how you get in the mood, and generate so much sensuality?

—R.F., Sydney, Australia

Dear R.F.:

Simple. I think of my good fans, and readers — like you — and I think about all the nice things I'd like to be doing with them.

And about how nice it would feel.

DEAR USCHI:

I was over at my friend's house and his mother was not home at the time. So he wanted to go into his mother's bedroom, and see all the clothes she wears.

You should see all the sexy bras and panties!

So my friend dared me to take off my softball uniform, and to put his mother's clothes on! So I told him I will do it just to see how I look.

He left the room and I put the

Ask Uschi

clothes on, then he came back in and started to look at me and locked the bedroom door. He wants to make love to me in bed every time I go to his house so I have to let him make love to me because if I don't he will tell the other guys on the team that when I go over to his house I put on his mother's clothes and that I want to go to bed with him.

—J.A., Toronto, Canada

Dear J..

Are you bragging, or complaining?

DEAR USCHI:

I am a member of the U.S. Navy. I am stationed on an aircraft carrier out of San Diego, California. Recently, I tried to have you named the official pin-up girl of my ship, but the majority of the men I talked to said you were too big.

I asked what was wrong with that and they said "More than a mouthful was a waste."

But there were a few men that

thought you were fantastic, but unfortunately we didn't have enough votes. Everyone wanted Bo Derek! But please be assured that there are a few smart men on board. Let *them* have Bo Derek. We'll take you, the most desirable woman in the world, Uschi Digard!

Sieg Heil!!!

—Your Fan Forever, Greg Kaiser

Dear Greg:

Which navy did you say you were in?

Seriously, it's because of the knowledge that men like you are guarding our sandy shores that I sleep better at night.

DEAR USCHI:

I am 24-years-old and in love with you.

I've got 44DDs, a 22-inch waist, and 35-inch hips, and a shaved pussy that I would love to have you suck.

My clitty gets hard everytime I look at your picture! Your huge tits, yummy

nipples, and delicious looking pussy.

I'm masturbating looking at your picture, and writing this letter, so if the words get a little shaky in my writing you know what's happening. I'd love to make love to you for one whole night, just lick your clit and you'd lick mine, then suck on one another's tits. (I've got my vibrator on right now, so I'll have some great orgasms.)

Got to go for now. Love,

—Debra, Bismarck, N.D.

P.S. If you could ever send some pussy juice in a jar, I'd drink every drop.

Dear Debra:

Sorry, but combustible materials can't be sent through the mails. You might look up Linda, though. T.L.'s old lady in Lytton, B.C.

DEAR USCHI:

I'm sending you the enclosed clip because I think you'll like it:

"Madison, Wis. (AP) — Deputy sheriffs have recovered about \$100,000 worth of bull semen from the home of a lab technician, where they say it apparently was being sold on the black market.

"Authorities said the 10,000 doses of semen had apparently been stolen from the American Breeders Service near DeForest where the technician worked.

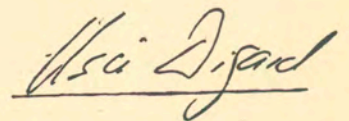
"Sheriff's deputies said the technician was fired by the firm, which is the world's largest breeding service for dairy and beef cattle."

Well, what do you think of all that?

—Animal Lover, Sausalito, Ca.

Dear Animal:

That's sure no bull...



HOW TO WRITE USCHI:

Write to Uschi at GENT Magazine, 316 Aragon Ave., Suite 209, Coral Gables FL 33134. Uschi edits all of her own mail and chooses the best of your letters for publication in her column. Got a question for the most famous D-copper of them all? Drop Uschi a line at GENT.

Gent



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**More Than
A Handful**







This month we decided to bring you what we consider the ultimate chubby girl; lovely Sherry Newman. She is 175 delicious pounds, 5'7" tall, and she's got a truly glorious figure (51-34-44). We think she'll meet the standards of even the most demanding fat girl fan, and any other man's tastes too. Best of all, she knows how to use her stupendous body, and she's not too shy either. Which is

a good thing, because it'd be a real shame to hide those epic 51" tits. And, even though Sherry is still young, she has an older woman's understanding of what men really want. "I've been built like this since I was 15, and believe me, men have used just about every line on me you could think of. The boys in school used to make jokes about my size, but I always knew what they really wanted. Now, I prefer the direct approach. Why waste time?"



Sherry says she's very thankful that men have learned to appreciate big girls once again, and she hopes the trend towards her type of body will keep on growing strong. You can count on one thing; Sherry will never change the way she looks. We're glad she picked GENT for her debut, and so is she.

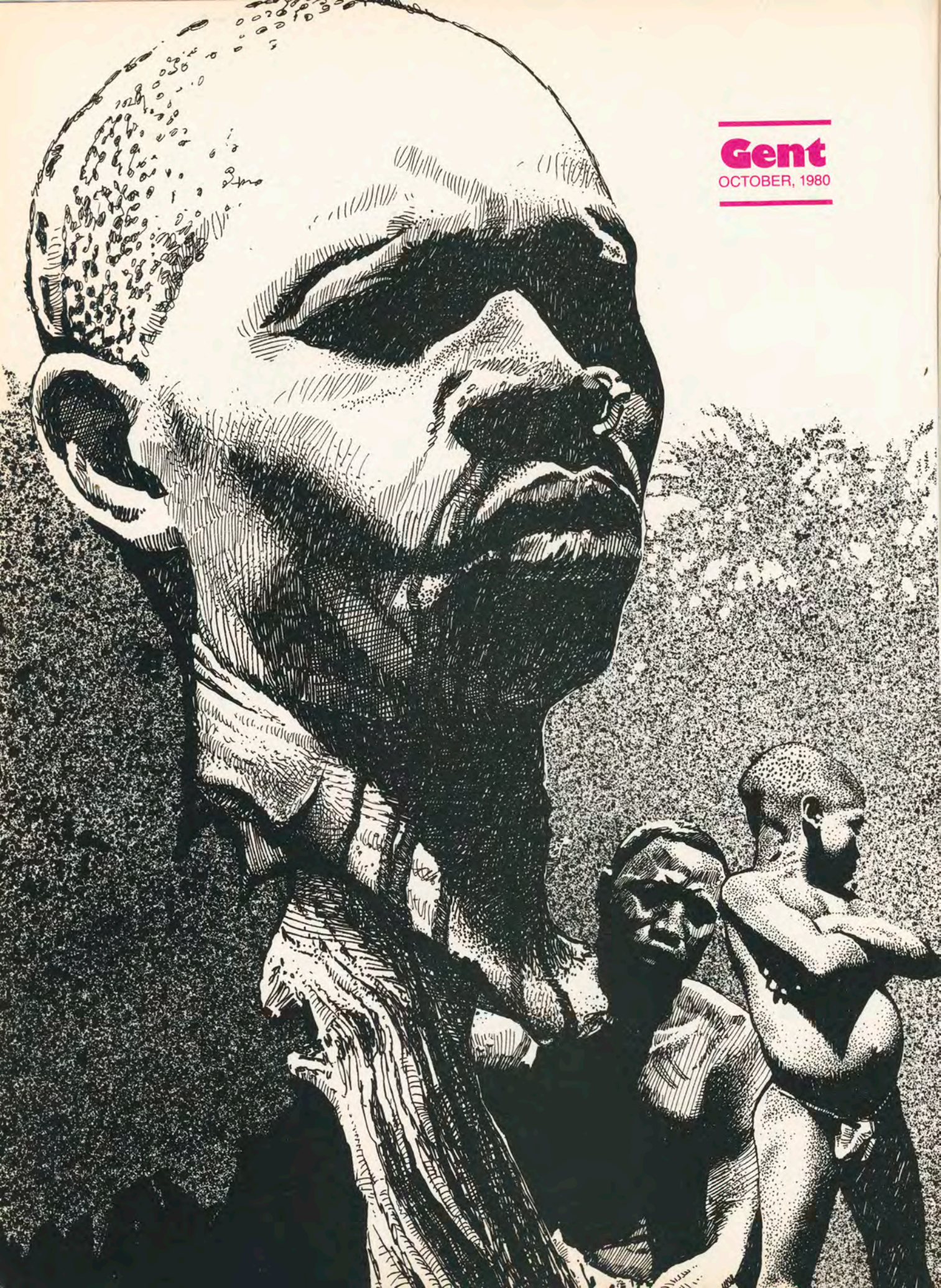




According to Sherry, it is just about time that a men's magazine gave a bit of attention to hefty and beautiful girls. "I used to get so tired of seeing all those thin girls in magazines. I even thought about dieting. But now I realize the way I look is attractive to many men, so why should I change?"



Gent
OCTOBER, 1980



Cannibalism

The eating of human flesh is one of the world's most universal taboos. Still, cannibalism has been practiced since prehistoric man and there is gruesome evidence that it continues today.

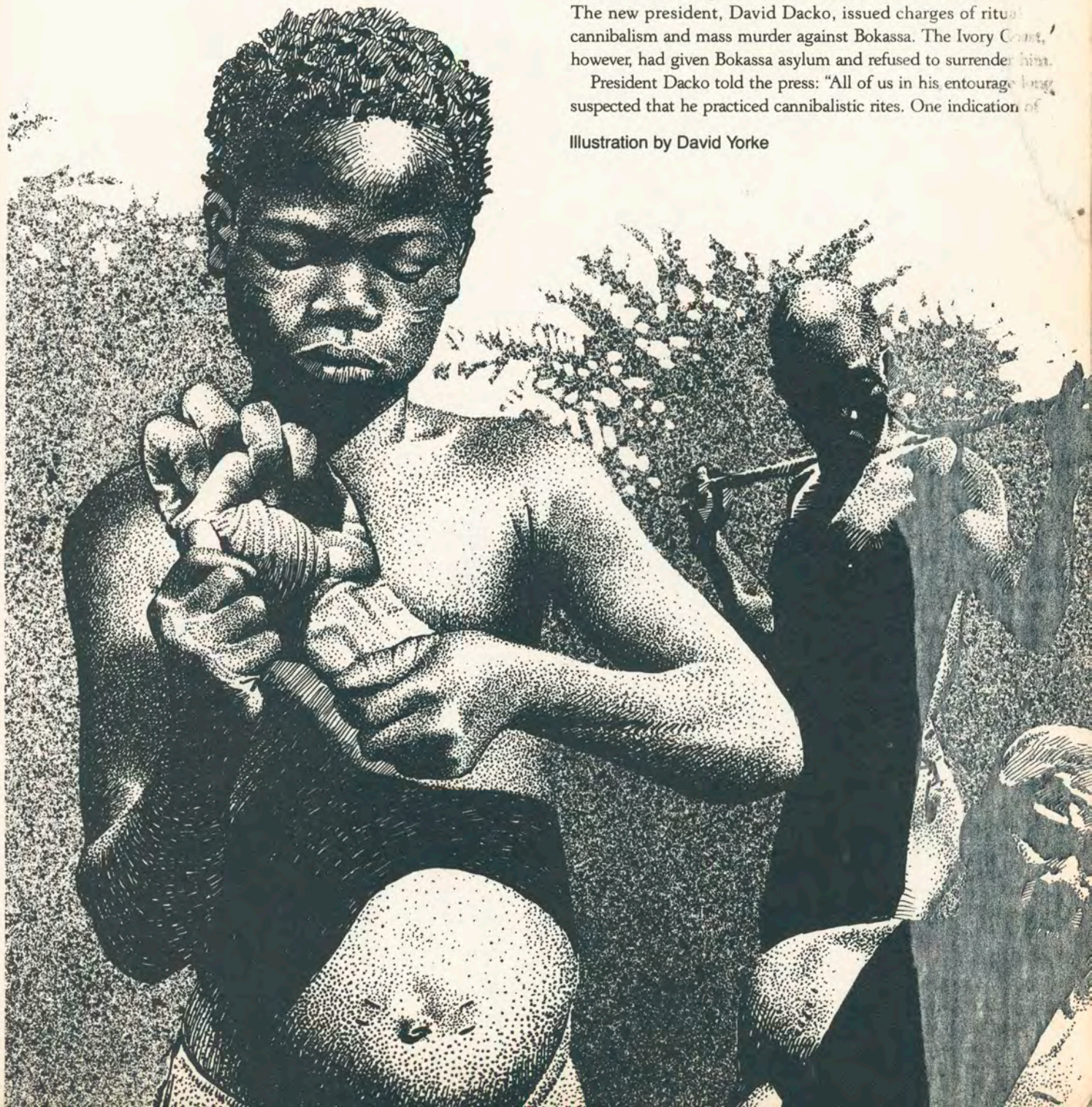
BY FRANK KOLAR

People-eating is one of mankind's most universal taboos (the other is incest.) Still, the fearsome practice of cannibalism has existed in various societies since ancient times. And there is strong evidence that it is still being practiced today.

In October, 1979, human torsos "prepared for roasting" were found in a freezer in the villa where the deposed dictator of the Central African Republic, Jean Badel Bokassa, had resided. The new president, David Dacko, issued charges of ritual cannibalism and mass murder against Bokassa. The Ivory Coast, however, had given Bokassa asylum and refused to surrender him.

President Dacko told the press: "All of us in his entourage long suspected that he practiced cannibalistic rites. One indication of

Illustration by David Yorke



this was that he often talked about the meals he took in secret, in the dead of night, with only his most intimate companions present."

A 16-year-old girl identified one of the bodies as her uncle: "His head, arms and right leg were cut off, but I recognized the body because of a tattoo on his chest that included his name and that I have often seen before."

On the grounds of the villa there was a shallow pool which contained four man-eating crocodiles. Police said that human bones were found at the bottom of the pool.

Reverend Joseph Mayer, a Roman Catholic missionary who had been in the country for 23 years, said that ritual cannibalism was widely practiced in certain parts of the country.

He said, "It is absolutely wrong to believe cannibalistic rites have anything to do with nourishment. It is a practice steeped in fetishism and mystery. Those who take part in it consume heart, brain, liver, sexual organs and limbs of slain enemies in the belief that the qualities they feared or admired in the dead man will pass over into him who consumes the respective organs."

Ritual cannibalism apparently has ancient antecedents. Somewhere back in the dim mists of time man began to

associate flesh and blood with magical properties. Eventually, this concept became transferable, that is, by eating the flesh and drinking the blood of another, a man could absorb his individual potency—his very essence, his force, and his nature.

In her book, "Flesh and Blood," Reay Tannahill wrote, "Reports of enemy-eating occur all through the centuries. The aborigines of Australia, the Maoris of New Zealand, the Uscochi of the Balkans, the Hurons and Iroquois of America, the Ashanti of Africa are only a few of the many people who have absorbed strength from their enemies through the media of blood, flesh, heart or broth. Generally, the cannibal's aim was to increase his own power, but in a number of instances this was transmuted into a desire for total vengeance, an ultimate demonstration of hatred or scorn. As late as 1971, a member of the Black September organization accused of assassinating Wasfi Tal, prime minister of Jordan, said: 'I am satisfied now. I drank from Tal's blood.' Eye-witnesses confirmed that he was speaking literally."

However, cannibalism has also been practiced for purely dietary reasons. There is archaeological evidence that Peking Man—who lived around 500,000 B.C. and onwards—was a

cannibal. He apparently had no compunctions about devouring human flesh when the hunting was bad. He may not have found it any different than eating deer or sheep or other game.

Man continued to be a hunter, but in time he also became a plant-gatherer, then a grower. He also began to live in communities where rules became necessary. Although cannibalism sometimes occurred during periods of starvation, it was eventually considered taboo. As law and religion became institutionalized, cannibalism was outlawed. It was a practical solution; cannibalism could wipe out the race.

Still, there were—and still are—drastic cultural differences. Reay Tannahill observed: "But though, almost everywhere, human attitudes and divine commands forbid murder *for whatever purpose*, it is fundamentally only Jews and Christians who are dedicated to the proposition that eating the dead is worse than murder."

Starvation, however, can be a powerful motivator. In the year 1201 A.D. there was a great famine in Egypt. People were dying like flies, and bodies were everywhere. A doctor who lived in Cairo at the time told of some of the dramatic events.

"When the poor first began to eat human flesh, the horror and astonishment that such extraordinary meals aroused were such that these crimes formed the topic of every conversation. No one could stop talking about them. But eventually people grew accustomed, and some conceived such a taste for these detestable meats that they made them their ordinary provenders, eating them for enjoyment and even laying in supplies . . ."

Some of the acts were truly desperate: "It happened one night that a young slave girl was playing with a newly weaned infant, the child of a rich private citizen. While the child was by her side, a beggar-woman seized the very moment when the slave's eyes were turned away, tore open the child's stomach and began to eat the flesh, quite raw . . ."

Such behavior was still criminal, and some of the guilty were executed for it. The doctor reported: "When some unfortunate who had been convicted of eating human flesh was burned alive, the corpse was always found to have been devoured the following morning. People ate it more willingly, for the flesh, being fully roasted, did not need to be cooked."

continued on page 26





Mammary Lane

They had one chance to make good!

Most of the girls here have only appeared once in GENT, and we thought it'd be nice to give them another break. Jeri (at left) is one of the buxom beauties of the August '78 issue, now living in N.Y.



Karina (above) is a sultry Greek goddess from the island of Rhodes, who was in Athens looking for a job. She left her family at an early age to become a movie star, and has made several movies in Greece. As of yet, she isn't a star in America, but those great boobs ought to help her along. We hope she makes it. She appeared in February, '79.



Leslie (at left) most recently posed with Clyda in the December '79 issue. She's seen here with an English male model in a photo taken back around 1973 in London. Leslie rarely (if ever) works alone. And that beautiful shaved split (below) belongs to Bea, a professional model and ex-hairdresser, who made her first and only appearance in December of '78. There was a time when shaved splits were very popular, but they seem to be fading out, although guys like them.





Doris (above) was a GENT girl only once before, making her debut in the June '78 issue. She's one of those classic English girls, with an even more classic pair of tits. She originally thought she was too big for GENT, but we convinced her that nobody was too big for us. Doris runs a fish and chips shop outside of London, and has pretty much given up modeling. Bella O'Dare (left) was the star attraction of the GENT December, '75 issue. She was photographed in Miami by the famous cheesecake photographer and early day *Playboy* model, Bunny Yeager.

CANNIBALISM

continued from page 22

Cannibalism has also been associated with barbarism. In the 13th century the Mongol hordes, led by Genghis Khan, swept across Asia to the Near East. It was popularly believed they were cannibals. One contemporary wrote: "When they captured anyone who was a bitter enemy, they gathered together and ate him in vengeance of his revolt, and like leeches sucked his blood."

Another writer of the time said that the Mongols (or Tartars) ate just about everyone, but were particularly fond of female flesh. The common soldiers supposedly got the tough and stringy matrons, while the officers were served up with sweet young girls. Breast meat, it was said, ranked as the greatest delicacy.

The word, cannibal, is actually of Spanish origin. When Columbus landed in the West Indies it was learned that the native "Caribs" were man-eaters. Columbus had put some men ashore at Guadeloupe, and when they returned the next day they had six women with them. The women explained through sign language that "the people of the island ate men and were holding them captive and that they did not wish to stay with them."

However gullible Columbus and company may have been, it is true that the Carib name became a fearsome legend in a number of European countries. And the word itself was corrupted into the Spanish "canib," and hence, cannibal.

It also appears to be true that the conquering Spaniards found that the Aztecs of Mexico practiced cannibalism. The victims were often prisoners-of-war, and since there were many ceremonial days, a lot of them were needed. Consequently, the Aztecs were almost continually at war with their neighbors. In the book, "Cannibalism and Human Sacrifice," Gary Hogg described an Aztec ceremonial occasion:

"The victim was first stripped of any ornaments he might be wearing. He was then held over a curved sacrificial altar . . . and held rigid while the High Priest, the sacrificial agent, who might often be identified with the god or goddess he himself served, cut open the victim's breast with his knife . . .

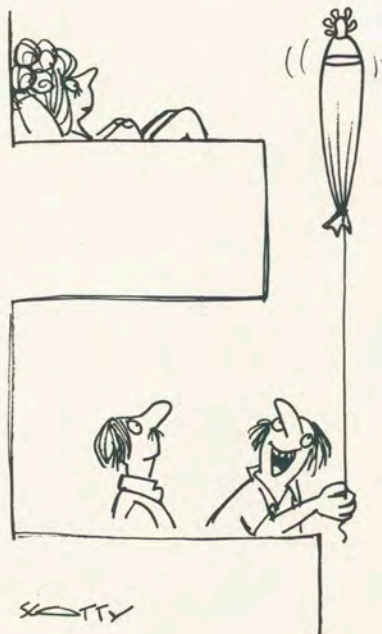
"The priest then tore out the victim's heart, often still palpitating, and held it up to the sun that each might give

strength to the other. It was then put in a ceremonial basin which had been placed in such a position as to collect the blood that flowed from the wound . . .

"Bereft of its heart, and much of its blood, the body was of no further service to the High Priest. It was therefore thrown down the great flight of stone steps that characterized the Aztec temples, from the altar at the summit to the people waiting in the courtyard below. There it was seized by other priests and given to the warriors responsible for the original capture of the victim. The skin was carefully removed, and donned by the chief of the warriors concerned, who believed that by wearing it he would gain something of the dead man's fertility and soul-stuff. The body itself was then cut up and eaten by the warriors and their closest associates . . ."

In his study of comparative cultures, "Cannibals and Kings," Marvin Harris further noted that not all victims were prisoners-of-war, because "certain youths and maidens were chosen to impersonate specific gods and goddesses. They were treated with great care and tenderness throughout the year preceding their execution." The results, however, were the same.

In the 19th century English missionaries to the Fiji Islands also reported incidents of cannibalism. But it appears they may have exaggerated somewhat in order to promote a cash flow from the people back home. Consider this report to the flock:



"It's a trial balloon."

"In FEEGEE, cannibalism is not an occasional but a constant practice . . . We spare you the details of a cannibal feast; the previous murders, the mode of *cooking* human beings, the assembled crowd of all ranks, all ages, both sexes. Chiefs and people, men, women, and *children*, anticipating the feast with horrid glee. The actual feast. The attendants bringing into the circle **BAKED HUMAN BEINGS**—not one, not two, not ten but twenty, thirty, forty, fifty as a single feast!"

The aborigines of Australia were also accused of cannibalism. Once again, there was a great belief in its magic. It could give strength and courage, and some tribes even believed it helped a woman to conceive. It was thought that the life of a dead man passed into the woman's body to be born again.

Nineteenth century missionaries to Africa came upon the "leopard cults" in Sierra Leone. Each initiate to these exclusive societies was supposed to produce a teenage girl of his own or his wife's blood. She was to be sacrificed—it was strong medicine.

Gary Hogg wrote that after the victim's throat was cut and the liver and intestines were removed, "the body was taken into a secret part of the forest, and cut to pieces. The breast was carefully cut away, and some of the ribs removed. This was the chief's portion, and one of his wives would be in attendance to collect the portion and take it away, to be cooked for him. The legs were then cut off, opened, and bones extracted. The head was cut off, skinned and all the flesh removed. The leg and thigh bones and the skull were then buried under a palm tree. The remainder of the body was then cut into small portions, and in due course, at the bidding of the chief, the people came out to partake of the feast.

"At his arrival, having had his own meal, he would be presented with the hands and feet of the victim, which were his also if he chose to exercise his right. By tradition, however, he would hand these special delicacies to minor chieftains in his tribe, or others to whom he wished to show some particular mark of favor."

There were, however, a number of motives for cannibalism in 19th century Africa. Reay Tannahill observed: "In many cases it may have arisen from a basic need for protein food, but there

continued on page 68

I

THE WORLD'S MOST FEARED SECRET SERVICE

It is Christmas eve, 1969, in Cherbourg, France. In the nearby harbor, five gunboats are moored. They are gunboats that Israel had ordered from France, and made a \$4 million down payment on the year before. President Charles de Gaulle had imposed an arms embargo on Israel in late 1968, in response to Israeli Commandos having blown up several empty Arab jets at Beirut International Airport and using French-built helicopters to do so. Israel would not receive the gunboats, nor would the deposit be returned.

As the noise from a boisterous holiday party nearby filtered through the harbor, dozens of Israelis, dressed to blend in with the dark, stormy night, quickly but quietly slipped past harbor security and into the moored gunboats. Within moments, all five gunboats had cast off and were dashing for the open sea. Less than a week later, they pulled into port at Haifa, Israel.

ES continued

In the lethal world of international espionage, Israel's Mossad and their brutal tactics have become feared by everyone. Article by Tim Anderson.



Illustration by Val Lakey

*

A year has passed since the end of the Six-Day War of 1967. The Russians have built a very sophisticated and advanced radar station in a remote area on the bank of the Gulf of Suez. It is aimed at Israel and has caused tremendous problems for Israeli jet fighters operating on the other side of the Suez. The Israeli military wants some sort of action taken, but what? To simply blow it up would invite replacement. But, if it could be studied, Israeli jets might be able to be fitted with jamming devices.

Quickly a call goes out. Israeli Secret Service agents are sent into Egypt with questions the military must have answered. Shortly thereafter, a team of Israeli Commandos, using information gathered by the agents, helicopter in. The team kills two Egyptian guards, and captures four others. Working feverishly, they dismantle the radar station, weighing seven tons, and hoist it by pulley into several hovering helicopters. Soon the pieces are on their way to Israel for analysis. The operation has lasted less than 30 minutes.

*

It is cold and rainy in Nicosia, Cyprus. The Arab is anxious to get in out of the weather. Before he pushes open the door to the Olympic Hotel, he quickly glances over his shoulder, looking for any suspicious movement that could mean danger. Seeing none, he hurriedly enters. He has just come from a meeting with an agent of Russia's KGB, and in his pocket is a check for \$5,000.

He prepares for bed as usual, turns off his bedroom light, and climbs in under the covers. Seconds later, a tremendous explosion blasts the unsuspecting Arab right through the ceiling.

Somewhere in the darkness outside the hotel, an Israeli agent has been waiting, watching. Long weeks of preparation had come to an end when he saw the bedroom light go out. He had pressed the button of a powerful radio transmitter, and watched as the explosion it produced lit up the sky.

*

The "Mossad Le Aliyah Beth," was originally organized in 1937 to assist Jews fleeing Hitler's wrath who were attempting to immigrate illegally to Palestine. The British were coming down hard on the "illegal aliens," and were doing everything they could to prevent their return. Today's Mossad grew out of that small organization and into what most intelligence experts worldwide feel is the most efficient intelligence operation, pound for pound, in the world today.

Actually, the Mossad is just one of several Israeli intelligence services. Some of the major ones are:

The intelligence branch of the Israel Defense Forces, known as AMAN, which is basically a military information gathering service. AMAN is an abbreviation for Agaf Modiin, which means Information Bureau.

The General Security Service, Sherut Bitachon. This is for internal security, much like the FBI. The Sherut Bitachon is known best by its initials, Shin Beth. This organization is also often referred to as SHABAK, which is the purely counter-espionage section of Shin Beth.

When Israel faces a special crisis, or Arab terrorism is dealt with, it is Aman, Shin Beth or the Mossad that responds. Sometimes the problem requires the work of just one agency, sometimes all three. But more often than not, if a threat has appeared on the horizon, the

odds are the Mossad will become involved.

The Mossad is broken into three primary departments of intelligence work:

1. An Arab section that is responsible for setting up Israeli spies in Arab countries and recruiting Arabs to spy on their own governments.

2. An evaluation section that screens and analyzes information from agents in the field. They monitor radio signals, use eavesdropping equipment, tap phone calls, etc.

3. A special operations branch that handles covert intelligence activities. This department handles all "dirty tricks" such as blackmail, seduction and assassinations.

Becoming an agent for the Mossad is not an easy thing. Over 90 percent of the men recruited are from elite military units where the candidate's physical and mental properties have already been tested again and again.

The basic training for a rookie agent lasts one year. The first six months are spent learning codes, weaponry, self-defense, and other classwork programs designed to introduce one to the basic elements of espionage. The pace is very fast, the work grueling. Any romantic notion of the exciting life of a spy is quickly dashed. The recruits soon learn that the way of life of a secret agent can often be dull and routine. Days are spent shadowing a suspect or hanging out in places watching for a certain face that has eluded you for days.

By the end of the first six months, nearly 50 percent of the rookies have either quit or been asked to leave. Those who are left now face even tougher tests. Agents are taken to foreign countries under assumed identities and placed in situations that are monitored so that their ability to think and function under actual "battlefield" conditions may be observed. The rookie agent must learn not to stand out in a crowd. He has to speak the language flawlessly, know the currency, customs, sports news and local topics of interest. Often a new agent is flown to some area of the world, given a small amount of cash, and told to find his way back to Israel in a matter of days.

Some agents have told of assignments where they were to attempt to infiltrate ultra-secret Israeli military bases in the Sinai, not knowing that their superiors had tipped off the military base personnel to be alert to a rumored Arab Commando attack. These are the trials that an espionage

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"There goes the nuclear power plant...I suppose this means our rates will be going up again!"

**Getting
An
All-Over
Tan**





Although it will soon be getting chilly up north, it's always warm and sunny in Florida. Linda Keach is the sort of girl who takes full advantage of the fresh air and sun, and it certainly pays off. We can think of a few ways we'd like to take advantage of her. Although she doesn't quite meet our 40 inch standards, Linda was just too stunning to pass up. She's 5' 8" tall, 125 delicious pounds, and has an amazingly well-proportioned figure (37D-25-36). As you can tell, she spends a lot of time at nude beaches, acquiring her perfect all-over tan. There are several deserted beaches along the Florida coast; places where true sun-worshippers can get together for tanning and some afternoon pleasures. Like slowly rubbing sun-tan oil on one another. Or just playing in the surf, without the hassles of bathing suits. And, as Linda says, "It's so much nicer than being indoors."





In addition to her other assets, Linda has a true appreciation for men, especially men who take care of themselves. And, apparently, she's in the right place for the sort of men she's interested in. "In New York, the guys are more interested in status and how much money they make. You don't find that here. The guys I know are into enjoying life as it comes and not worrying about tomorrow. I'm getting to be that way too." Well, why worry?











Nude Beaches

Public nudity has never been more popular. A comprehensive guide to nude beaches in America, for voyeurs and nudists alike.

Priate nudity, nude bathing clubs and nudist colonies have been around America for generations. But it was only in the 60's that a form of public nudity became so prevalent that it caught the national eye. That was the sudden, unannounced and phenomenal proliferation of nude beaches throughout the country, particularly in California. Since then, their popularity and the controversy surrounding them has continued.

Nude beaches have been around for a long time too, but in this country they were always so isolated in such hard-to-reach spots that their almost secret locales prevented all but

BY NYE WILLDEN

the most avid nude sunbathers to seek them out. Out of sight, out of mind, there was seldom an outcry by the citizenry at large and little concerted effort by the constabulary to put a stop to them. And so, people who enjoyed swimming and sunning in the altogether, were pretty much left alone.

As early as the 1920's, "nudism" began to arrive on our shores from Europe where nudism had thrived for decades and even centuries if you include the Greeks and the Japanese. It's first practitioners here were promptly arrested for getting together and disrobing in New York gymnasiums. But the battle was on.

Finally, after many years, nudist organizations were able to establish their own private, out-of-the-way clubs where they could strip off their clothes and enjoy themselves. But, these people were the objects of ridicule and derision by "decent" folks who looked on them (and some still do) as depraved and immoral.

The nude beach movement today had, and has, little to do with the nudist movement per se except for some overlapping by "nudists" who attend nude beaches as well as their sequestered "colonies" throughout the country.

Why did nude beaches suddenly begin to spring up around the country and come to national attention?

In the late 1950's and early 1960's, the idea of going nude on the beach began to occur spontaneously with a great number of people. These people, or at least the ones in the forefront, were those of the younger generation who had

begun to reject the traditional morals and customs of contemporary culture. Those values which they found to be restricting to personal expression and "freedom" were summarily rejected. Among them was the idea of wearing a bathing suit at the beach.

And so, people began disrobing in more conspicuous places than those that were traditionally set aside for "skinny dipping." When this happened, both veteran nude-bathers and younger people who saw no valid reason to wear constricting and uncomfortable garments on the beach, began to draw public attention.

This caused an immediate outcry from the more conservative, mostly older, segment of the population who screamed "pervert!, moral degenerates! threats to society!" and they demanded that the police and officials immediately rid the landscape of this vulgar display of shameful nakedness.

The outcry continues but nude beaches still exist and even grow in numbers as more and more people select this form of recreation.

In this really a sign of growing moral looseness in our society? Does this really threaten our very beings? Are the people who attend these beaches really sexual perverts and moral degenerates?

THE SEXUAL SIDE OF NUDITY

Let's explore the subject and attempt to discover just what the *sexual* side of nudity is.

You might be surprised to learn that there really isn't anything very "sexual" about a large group of people on a beach taking their clothes off. As the authors of a just-published book, "Complete Guide To the Nude Beaches Of California," state: *Going to a nude beach is no big deal!* They claim that being nude among other nudes results in the loss of one's fascination with nakedness.

Psychologists have confirmed that the mystique of the "private parts" lies in the clothing that covers these parts and that when the clothing is removed *en masse*, curiosity has nothing left to feed upon, and self-conscious embarrassment receives no reinforcement.



Many young people first got turned on to the nude beach scene during the hippie and sexual freedom days of the 60's. Though they're older now and usually conformists, many still enjoy the nude beach experience.

If this is indeed the case, then why do people drive long distances, climb down steep cliffs, walk miles, tolerate discomfort and the wrath of the establishment in order to go to a nude beach? The answer, people claim, is simply that they do it for the freedom of the experience; the freedom to relax in completely natural surroundings; freedom from the pressures and concerns of day-to-day living; freedom to feel a sense of community among their fellow men and the ability to commune with God, nature and themselves without restrictions.

As one devotee of nude beaches explains: "It's like saying, here I am. I have nothing to hide. This is me! I can really shed, the trappings of my false identity—the expensive jewelry, flashy car, fashionable clothes and all of the other things that we surround ourselves with in order to be admired, respected and envied. When you are totally naked you are rejecting false values and presenting yourselves, sags, wrinkles, imperfections and all to the world around you. And when people accept you for what you really are, it's a wonderful feeling!"

Is this really true? Do people really have such high-minded ideas when they go to a nude beach, or is this just their justification?

You and I, sitting here reading about nude beaches are undoubtedly thinking about what our reaction would be going to a nude beach. Wouldn't we be going there to look at naked bodies—to check out the girls with the sexy curves, big tits, nicest asses, curviest legs? Yes, a lot of us think that's exactly what we'd do. And women would be going for the same reasons—the titillation of looking at naked men, checking out their muscles, equipment, and appeal.

Despite our intentions or ideas, the nude beach experience is apt to be entirely different. It has been most people's observation, with few exceptions, that taking your clothes off amidst a lot of nude people on a beach almost totally dissolves the kinds of sexual fantasy and thoughts that we might have on a "clad" beach when we see a beautiful and stacked girl in a brief bikini. The immediate reaction seems to be, "no big deal" once you let it all hang out. There's nothing more to fantasize about after the initial curiosity, self-consciousness and possible embarrassment of being naked.

Watch nude sunbathers approaching each other to carry on a conversation: They rarely glance at the other party below the neckline. It's almost as if they have an unspoken pact that says, "I won't judge you by the shape and look of your body if you won't judge me that way."

But, as we said before, there are exceptions. Although a majority of people who go to nude beaches go there for the reasons we've mentioned before, there are the others. They can be roughly categorized as follows: the exhibitionists, the voyeurs, the "closet" homosexuals and the sexually disturbed.

The exhibitionist on a nude beach can be spotted immediately. She is the girl who is there to display herself. She makes a great show of disrobing after first selecting a spot where she will be the center of the most attention. Usually standing, she does a somewhat vulgar imitation of a striptease, glancing around to make sure that a lot of people are watching. Once nude, she proceeds to stretch, run her hands over her breasts and thighs and turn this way and that for maximum exposure. Then she will proceed to apply a liberal coating of suntan oil, taking special care to linger over her tits, ass and between her thighs.

She knows exactly what she's doing, and so does everyone else. And while the exhibitionist has probably caught the attention of some people (particularly the voyeurs) most of the people, actually embarrassed at the display, will studiously ignore her.

Finally, when our "Stripper Sal" has settled down on her towel, she's still on display. She spreads her legs open whenever anyone passes by. She's the exception, but she does exist.

The male exhibitionist's display is not very different. He puts on a show, and while he oils himself he will massage his genitals to the point where he has a semi-erection which he'll maintain throughout his stay on the beach by occasionally fondling himself. He also may spend a lot of time strutting up and down the beach, putting himself on display under the illusion that he's getting every girl there turned on by his half-hard cock and naked body. Most of the people ignore him, turn away, or smile derisively. The poor guy's in the wrong crowd and he's too self-deluded to realize it.

Then there are the voyeurs. You'll find them on the beach clothed and naked, but usually very self-conscious if they are nude. He's the guy who spends most of his time with his towel across his lap or lying on his stomach. But his head and eyes are in constant motion as he gazes at every naked body around him like a kid in a candy store. He is feasting on this forbidden fruit of nudity and having an orgy of fantasies in his head. He's also the weird fellow who prowls along the beach, settling himself in a strategic position where he can get the best view of some supine lady's crotch and then . . . he stares! She becomes aware of this unwelcome attention and either glares at him, turns away or gets up and moves. Sometimes she's more brave and will tell him to "fuck off." Undaunted, Mr. Peek Freak immediately picks up his towel and goes looking for another feast for his insatiable appetite.

The homosexuals there who are annoying are the voyeurs. There are many homosexuals who go to nude beaches, for the same reason that everyone else is there . . . to nude sunbathe. But there are those who are turned on by "straight" men . . . at least by looking at them, because there's very little chance that they are going to make a conquest with the muscular dude lying there with a blonde girl. He's just there to stare, to fantasize and, if he isn't careful, to get punched in the nose.

But the voyeur who is the most annoying, weird, pitiable and troublesome on the nude beach is the Gawker. These are

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Who Can Help?

If you wish to find out the locations or status of clothing optional beaches in a particular area, write to the organizations listed closest to that area. Enclose a stamped self-addressed legal size reply envelope. Most of the organizations also have information on nudist parks, clubs and resorts. This list is in alphabetical order.

Alaska Beachfront
P.O. Box 10-1443
Anchorage, AK 99511

Americans for Liberated Lifestyles
P.O. Box 1128
Leesville, LA 71446

Arizona Sun Movement
P.O. Box 23327
Phoenix, AZ 85063

Austin Beyond City Limits
405 E. Third St.
Austin, TX 78701

Au Naturel, Cal State Univ.
Student Program Ctr, A-208
18111 Nordhoff
Northridge, CA 91330

Bay Area Beachfront
P.O. Box 9094
Berkeley, CA 94709

Beachfront Inland Empire
P.O. Box 1107
Spokane, WA 99210

Beachfront U.S.A.
P.O. Box 90191
Los Angeles, CA 90009

Central Atlantic Liberty League
P.O. Box 7044
Charlottesville, VA 22906

Central Calif. Beachfront
P.O. Box 351
Lompoc, CA 93436

Chicago Beachfront
P.O. Box 293
Morton Grove, IL 60053

Clothing Optional Society
P.O. Box 512
Stanton, CA 90680

Connecticut Free Beaches
P.O. Box 505
Hartford, CT 06141

Coot Lake Preservation Soc.
8405 E. Hampden Ave.
Denver, CO 80231

D.C. Free Beaches
P.O. Box 12096
Washington, D.C. 20005

Florida Free Beaches
C/o Nelson, 1102 Allendale
W. Palm Beach, FL 33402

Free the Free Beaches
P.O. Box 300
Truro, MA 02666

Freestate Beachfront
P.O. Box 1508
Adelphia, MD 20783

Free Sand for the Grand Strand
P.O. Box 832
Andrews, SC 29510

Freedom Episodes
P.O. Box 2185
Minneapolis, MN 55402

Friends of More Mesa
P.O. Box 6787
Santa Barbara, CA 93111

Friends of Alternatives In Recreation
P.O. Box 832
Andrews, SC 29510
San Diego, CA 92103

Georgia Free Beaches
P.O. Box 8254
Atlanta, GA 30306

Hawaii Beachfront
P.O. Box 1344
Kailua, HI 96734

Houston Beachfront
P.O. Box 20433
Houston, TX 77025

Lake Tahoe Free Beaches
P.O. Box 1574
Reno, NV 89505

Lane County Free Beaches
P.O. Box 2053
Eugene, OR 97402

Long Island Travasuns
P.O. Box 108
Mastic, NY 11950

Louisville Sun Movement
P.O. Box 7522
Louisville, KY 40207

Maine Beachfront
P.O. Box 13
Old Town, ME 04468

Minneapolis Beachfront
P.O. Box 811
Minneapolis, MN 55402

Missouri Bare Hunters
P.O. Box 26603
St. Louis, MO 63122

Kansans for Natural Rights
P.O. Box 1852
Topeka, KS 66601

Nebraska Free Beaches
P.O. Box 2320
Lincoln, NE 68502

New Jersey Free Beaches
c/o Fogel, 9000 Ventnor Ave.
Margate, NJ 08402

New York Beachfront
P.O. Box 427
New York, NY 10028

North Carolina Free Beaches
P.O. Box 3154
Chapel Hill, NC 27514

Ohio Beachfront
C/o Columbians, Box 12062
Columbus, OH 43212

Portland Beachfront
P.O. Box 8145
Portland, OR 97207

Rhode Island Beachfront
P.O. Box 2649
Providence, RI 02907

River Dippers
P.O. Box 2693
Sacramento, CA 95812

San Diego Nude Beachfront
P.O. Box 2110
La Jolla, CA 92038

S. Michigan Free Beaches
P.O. Box 397
Drayton Plains, MI 48020

Tennessee Skinny Dippers
P.O. Box 703
Columbia, TN 38401

Savannah Skinny Dippers
P.O. Box 22836
Savannah, GA 31403

Texas Aggie Dippers
Box 302
College Station, TX 77840

Gulf Coast Free Beaches
6748 Rembrandt, Apt. 14
Baton Rouge, LA 70806

The Living Theater
P.O. Box 5000
Santa Rosa, CA 95402

Vermont Beachfront
Rt. 3, Box 460
Milton, VT 05468

Washington Free Beaches
P.O. Box 201
Sumner, WA 98390

CANADIAN ORGANIZATIONS

Federation Quebecoise de Naturisme
C.P. 772, Succursale Outremont
Outremont, Quebec
CANADA H2V 4N9

Free Wreck Beach Committee
c/o Korky Day
853 E. Pender, Room 2
Vancouver, B.C.
CANADA V6A 1V9

GENT'S NUDE BEACH DIRECTORY:

Over the hill and through the woods
to the nude beach of your choice.

Where Are The Beaches?

The following list of nude or "free" beaches is, to our knowledge, current as of today. However, as every nude beachgoer knows, the status and locales of beaches can change overnight, either due to police crackdowns, changes in local laws or other reasons. For instance, we are just informed that Pirates Cove near Malibu, one of the major beaches in the country is now closed. This was simply because severe erosion had almost destroyed this privately owned (and thus legal) beach. So, before you go to the effort of travelling to one of them, inquire first. You can ask locally from merchants, taxi drivers or residents in the vicinity, or call or write to the local "Clothing Optional Group," in the area. (A list of them appears elsewhere in this article.) You might also consider subscribing to the publication "Bare In Mind," which continually updates the status of nude beaches. For information write to THE FUN CLUB whose address appears at the end of the foregoing article.

Due to the difficulty and time in obtaining the names and status of nude beaches, this list is not complete. But if you attend one of the beaches, you're sure to meet other people who will happily give you the names and directions to other beaches around the country.

One thing you will find is that most nude beaches are very isolated, very private, and beautiful because of their unspoiled, natural surroundings which is why people go to them ... for the feeling of freedom and closeness to nature that they provide.

CALIFORNIA

Marin County: *Limantour Beach* is 40 miles north of San Francisco and about eight miles west of Highway 1. It is on Drakes Bay, part of the Point Reyes National Seashore. Turn left on Limantour Road at the town of Olema and follow the road for six miles through the park to the beach.

RCA Beach is about four miles north of the community of Bolinas, an eight mile drive after leaving Highway 1. Take the Olema Bolinas Road west to Mesa Road in Bolinas and turn right, watching for other parked cars near the tower.

Bolinas Beach is just off Highway 1, 30 miles north of San Francisco and seven miles north of Stinson Beach in Bolinas. From the south, drive past the Bolinas Lagoon and turn left on Olema Bolinas Road to Ocean Parkway. The Beach begins where Ocean Parkway ends.

San Francisco County: *Land's End* is just north of Point Lobos at the northwestern tip of the city. Ask locally for directions ... it is just opposite Sutro Heights Park.

San Mateo County: *Devil's Slide* is on Highway 1 five miles south of the S.F. suburb of Pacifica and one mile north of Montara. Watch for an American flag flying near a wooden staircase built along the shoulder of the highway.

Santa Cruz County: *Bonny Doon Beach* also known as Hole-In-The-Wall is located on Coast Highway 1, 11 miles north of Santa Cruz and one mile south of the town of Davenport. Entrance to the beach is the junction of Highway 1 and Bonny Donn Road.

Red, White and Blue Beach is on Coast Highway 1, six miles north of Santa Cruz and four miles south of Davenport. The Address is 5021 Highway 1 and the entrance can be identified by a large red, white and blue mailbox on the ocean side of the highway. The beach is on private property and is completely legal. Entrance fee, \$3.00.

Monterey County: *Pfeiffer Beach* is part of the Los Padres National Forest about 30 miles south of Monterey and three miles west of Highway 1. It lies at the end of Sycamore Canyon Road which is about two miles south of the Big Sur store.

San Luis Obispo County: *Avila Beach* is between the coastal communities of Avila Beach and Shell Beach, about eight miles south of San Luis Obispo and four miles north of Pismo Beach. It is three miles west of Highway 101.

Shell Beach is in the community of the same name, five miles north of downtown Pismo Beach. From Highway 101 take the Shell Beach exit to the frontage road named Shell Beach Road, The beach is below the vacant lot just north of the Spyglass Inn Motel.

Santa Barbara County: There are nine beaches in the county, too many to list here, but here are two of the most popular and you can easily find the locales of the others just by asking. *Haskell's Beach* is just north of the town of Goleta and about twelve miles from downtown Santa Barbara. From the south you drive one-quarter mile past the Winchester Canyon exit on Highway 101 then turn left at the first median crossing. *Isla Vista Beach* is about three miles from Highway 101 on the Goleta area, located between Goleta Beach County Park and the University of California at Santa Barbara. Park at the Marine Life Lab at the University and follow a short access road toward the beach to its end.

Los Angeles County: *Leo Carrillo Beach* is located in the

southwestern corner of L.A. County, fourteen miles west of Malibu in the 36000 block of Pacific Coast Highway (Route 1). The nude beach area is just east of the main beach below the cliffs.

Nicholas Beach is adjacent to and immediately east of Leo Carrillo Beach at the foot of Decker Canyon on Pacific Coast Highway (Route 1). It is in the 34000 block of Pacific Coast Highway.

Venice Beach is within the Los Angeles city limits in the community of Venice, between Santa Monica and Marina Del Rey. From route 1, which is named Lincoln Blvd., turn toward the ocean at Brooks Avenue and the avenue terminates at the ocean.

Smuggler's Cove, also known as Half Moon Cove, is south of Los Angeles on the Palos Verdes Peninsula, in the area known as Portuguese Bend. The beach is about eight miles south of the city of Redondo Beach. It is about one-half mile east of the famous Wayfarer's Chapel.

San Diego County: *San Onofre Beach* is midway between Los Angeles and San Diego in northern San Diego County, off Interstate Route 5 between the towns of San Clemente and Oceanside. Take the Basilone Road exit at the Nuclear Information Center and enter San Onofre State Beach Park. The nude beach is at the southern end, next to Camp Pendleton.

Del Mar Beach is within the city limits of the city of Del Mar, approximately one and one-fourth miles west of the San Diego Freeway.

Black's Beach is located about one and one-half miles west of the San Diego Freeway on San Diego's north side in the community of La Jolla. The Beach is below the 400 foot cliffs of La Jolla's north end, just south of Torrey Pines City Park Beach and about one and one-half miles north of Scripps Pier.

FLORIDA

Key Biscayne, Florida. For many years, the extreme northern end (Bear Cut) of Crandon Park on Key Biscayne was a nude beach. However, the police have, over the past three years or so, rigidly enforced the no-nudity laws. Some people still nude sunbathe there but we would not recommend it at this time. However, times change and you might inquire as to the climate at this beach when you visit Miami.

Sanibel-Captiva Island Free Beach, Florida. Located on the islands of Sanibel-Captiva which are south of Ft. Meyers on the Gulf of Mexico, this nude beach is the most popular one in the state. Find your way to Ding Darling National Wildlife Refuge, then proceed past it to the Gulf of Mexico and Coconut Drive. Park there, wade across Blind Pass lagoon and walk through the wooded area to Bowman's Beach. Check first before you go!

HAWAII

McKenna Beach is on the island of Maui. Find your way to the Intercontinental Hotel and then follow the road past the hotel to the southwest until the pavement stops. Continue on the gravel road approximately one and one-half miles. Ask directions as to the exact location from one of the locals.

MAINE

Popham Beach State Park. Nude bathing is allowed adjacent

Gent

to the park by owners of private property. The park is situated on Interstate 95. Ask locally for the exact locations of the nude swimming areas.

MARYLAND

Dickerson Rock Quarry, is situated three miles beyond Beallsville on the way to Dickerson. Look for a foot trail over the meadow to the left. Follow the trail about three-quarters of a mile and then cross a rocky stream to the quarry. A no trespassing sign is not enforced.

MASSACHUSETTS

Provincetown. Inquire in town from almost anyone as to where the nude beach is located. The vicinity shifts every summer as tourists crowd into areas which were isolated the season before.

Nantucket Beach, on Nantucket Island's east end between Quidnet and Sankaty. Nude bathing has been practiced here for years without incident. Also check out *Maddachogan Beach* which can be reached by taking the airport road and continuing east beyond the airfield and then taking the dirt road to the ocean shore.

Jungle Beach is on the island of Martha's Vineyard located near the town of Chilmark. Check locally whether nude bathing is still permitted.

Zach's Beach, another nude beach in Martha's Vineyard between Chilmark and Gay Head. The path to the beach has been closed off but you can park in Gay Head, go down to the beach, turn left and walk two miles. When you come to a large group of nude people, you are there.

NEW YORK

Jacob Riis Park is a public park on Long Island, extremely popular with all New York beachgoers, so you will have no trouble finding directions. The beach is also served by city buses and subway. Upon arrival, walk onto the beach and turn left, walking about a quarter of a mile down the beach. The nude beach is located at the extreme eastern end of the park.

Easthampton, Long Island is a rich community located on Long Island's south shore, accessible by car or the Long Island Railroad. You would do well to inquire locally first since the status and locale of the nude beach changes frequently.

Fire Island, New York on the island by the same name has a couple of communities, Fire Island Pines and Cherry Grove, which have long tolerated nude sunbathing and any number of other freedoms. There are several areas where nude bathing is common and your best bet is to inquire locally. Both communities have a large gay population and are known as extremely tolerant and free about everything.

Sagg Beach, New York is located at the end of Gibson Lane, a small road off Sagaponack Main Street in the town of Sagaponack. The nude beach is very popular with families.

TEXAS

Bolivar Peninsula is best reached by taking the ferry from Galveston and then walking right about two miles from the ferry slip.

NUDE BEACHES

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the lewd lurkers, the nuts and the bizarre characters who seek out nude beaches and then skulk through the bushes, fully clad, usually carrying long-range camera or binoculars in order to spy on the naked people on the beach.

These individuals can be found in the grass at the edge of the beach or on the cliffs overlooking them, sometimes perilously hanging over the edge in a position that would terrify a mountain climber, in order to obtain a better view of the scene below.

These people, say the nude bathers, are the real perverts, moral degenerates and the ones who give nude beaches a bad name. For various reasons, gawkers are irresistibly drawn to the scene, but they try to hide themselves. And, they usually become very annoyed if accosted or interrupted by strangers, mumbling that they "aren't hurting anyone," as they skulk away to another vantage point.

Some of them genuinely believe that their gawking is justified because, to them, the nudes below are not decent citizens but a bunch of degenerates who aren't entitled to any consideration whatsoever. Their usual response is, "If they are going to run around naked in public, I have a right to look don't I?"

Sometimes gawking can have tragic results. In July of 1977 a 20-year-old sailor, standing on a cliff top overlooking San Diego's Black's Beach (the first "legal" nude beach in California) was amusing himself by gawking and throwing rocks at the bathers below when he slipped and fell 150 feet to his death.

Gawkers are really pitiful creatures either too introverted or sick to be able to relate openly to people either clothed or naked, but it is because of them that the nude beach movement has run into a lot of trouble.

"I'm not opposed to nude sunbathers," said one California housewife living on the fringe of a nude beach, "they are well behaved and don't bother anyone, but it is the nut-fringe they attract. They invade my yard, trample my flower-beds and one day I found one of them standing right on my patio leaning over the railing looking down on the beach and masturbating!" This sort of bizarre and frightening behavior is what gives fuel to the outcry of the populace who often demand that the police and city officials get rid of this disturbing scene in their neighborhoods.

Fortunately, gawkers are beginning to diminish considerably. Like the proliferation of pornography in the 60's and 70's, there was an incredible attraction and there were sales of films, photos and magazines in the millions of dollars. But

once people had sated themselves, once pornography became a common and accepted commodity, fewer and fewer people were attracted to it. Likewise, as nude beaches become more common, the kooks on the fringes find it less intriguing and no longer attractive for its "forbidden" quality and they go back to peeking into bedroom windows or exposing themselves at schoolyards.

PROMISCUITY ON NUDE BEACHES

Having covered the "fringe" element among the people at nude beaches, what about the sexual element among the general nude-beachers? Most of them declare that they aren't any less sexually active than the average citizen — but that they don't go to the beaches for sex. There are, simply, better times and places for sexual activity. Aside from the fact that sand isn't a very comfortable place for screwing, unless you're a masochist, most nude beach goers agree that public love-making is just as tasteless and socially unacceptable as it would be in a public park, on a crosstown bus, or in the aisles of the supermarket.

The foregoing isn't meant to turn you off the idea of nude beaches. On the other hand, nude beaches may not be for you. Some people like spinach and some do not. You're the only one who can decide whether this kind of atmosphere is what you might find interesting and comfortable. We've mentioned the exceptions, but for the most part, what you'll find on a beach is a group of friendly, attractive and "free" people from every walk of life.

If nude beaches are not for you, so be it. If you think you want to, by all means, give them a try. Most neophytes soon will learn that a few hours spent nude on a nude beach is neither embarrassing nor titillating but a comfortable and pleasurable experience.

WILL YOU BE BUSTED?

And lastly, a bit about nude beaches and The Law. With the exception of some areas of California, nudity on beaches is (technically) against the law. This, as you will see from the partial listing of nude beaches throughout the country, has not diminished the numbers of beaches nor of nude beach goers. However, despite a great fight by nude-advocate organizations, the laws are still on the books.

Lawmaking bodies have traditionally tended to acquiesce to moral authoritarianism. A poll taken of residents of San Diego when the legal status of Black's Beach was threatened (the first beach in the U.S. to be "legally" sanctioned) showed that most of the people didn't object. Nevertheless, the law was rescinded. But despite the illegality of the beaches, hassles and arrests are few. From time to time in various parts of the country a nude beach will become "hot," which usually means some local politician running for office or in hot water with the community will attempt to gain points by "cleaning up" the nude beach. The only warning we can give anyone traveling around the country is to ask first what the atmosphere is *before* going to the local nude beach.

For visitors to California where the most beaches are located, we'd advise you to obtain a copy of the book we mentioned before, "COMPLETE GUIDE TO THE NUDE BEACHES OF CALIFORNIA." This book is extremely well done and tells you everything. Write to The Fun Club, PO Box 432, Bellflower, CA 90706. In addition to the book, this organization also has a number of other national and international listings available for a nominal fee. **G**



The Fishing Trip

A week alone in the woods would be a nice change from her boring domestic life ... But she hadn't planned on what awaited her...

Gent

Lit was dusk when the little red float plane buzzed Wilderness Lake, made two passes and then roared in, splashing white water from either side.

BY DAVID P. GRADY

The ship taxied to a beach of sand and Lucy Danes climbed out, throwing a bedroll, a duffle bag and a fly pole on the beach.

"Thanks Mike, thanks a lot. I'll see you in a week."

Lucy waved at the pilot.

The old man chided, "Good fishin' to ya ... Leave some for us poor workin' stiffs," Lucy smiled and pushed on the ship's floats to turn the plane. It swung around, cut across the water and roared into the soft evening wind.

"Alone at last," Lucy Danes sighed,

Illustration by John Lakey

as she stretched her long arms and looked after the vanishing plane ... "A whole week of solitude, freedom, and fresh air."

Three hours before, Lucy had tossed a soiled pair of panties into her empty General Electric and said, "So long, George ... for a whole week if not forever." Her husband stared, speechless, and Lucy was mighty happy to have finally got up nerve enough to loosen the tight reins that had been choking her to death over the past 12 long years.

The sun dipped behind the mountain range leaving the peaks bathed in a baby pink and casting rippling embers of purple and gold light across the lake waters.

Lucy Danes took her clothes off. She spread her legs slightly and touched her toes ten times. She breathed deep, drew in a long drink of lake air and sighed.

"This is for me . . . This is living . . . George would never understand."

A mosquito bit her on the thigh. "Damn," she said, smashing the pest with a swift, accurate blow. "Everything can't be perfect."

Lucy had planned her adventure well and she knew it was time to get a camp set up and a nice warm fire crackling.

"Tomorrow I'll take a little walk, do some fishing, swimming, maybe a little fooling around with Peter (Peter was her favorite dildo, the battery operated, pliable vibrator that she used often)."

Canned stew and brown bread provided a quick and nourishing supper and Lucy Danes hit the sack. She slid her naked body into the down bag, dropped the mosquito bar over her head, placed Peter where it'd do the most good, and drifted off into dreamland.

Morning comes early in the great outdoors and at five Lucy was up, carefully selecting a couple of choice flies and snapping her glass fly rod like a new buggy whip. With an unladylike gait, naked except for the fly rod in her right hand, she set off for the edge of the lake.

A twig snapped somewhere back from the lake shore.

"Hmmm . . . sounds like company," the girl said out loud, glancing into the dense white birch thicket. Unconcerned, her voluptuous bosom jiggled in the fresh morning air as she proceeded to the water's edge.

On the shoreline was a long sandy peninsula, jutting into the lake and forming a natural pier from which to fish.

On the second cast a sleek body flashed through the green water and hit the lady's fly. "Trout!" Lucy was elated.

By eight that morning Lucy had landed probably two dozen of the battling trout, but most of them she turned loose; carefully holding them in the water and watching with a smile as they swam into deeper water.

"That's enough for today," she said. Stringing a few of her catch on a thin branch, she glanced up half expecting to see someone. There was no one at all . . . "Could'a swore I was bein' watched," she whispered.

Lucy Danes tried to wash from her brain the idea that someone or something had her under observation.

She cleaned and hung her catch to dry, then headed back towards the clear blue green water with her hair tied back so it wouldn't get wet as she swam.

But when she turned her back to the birch thickets, an ominous spell came over her. It was like two undetectable rays boring into the crease of her naked ass. She tried to forget it, but the feeling was there and it was beginning to bother her. She found herself enjoying the cool water less and less, swimming with her body turned so she could keep an eye peeled towards the thicket.

With growing concern, Lucy Danes left the water and strutted quickly towards her camp. She thought it best if someone were to be there, and if unfriendly, she should be prepared, clothed, and armed.

She saw the naked man step from the brush, walk past her camp and stop . . . scarcely 30 feet in front of her. Six and a half feet of man, muscular, hairy, with huge shoulders that rippled with strength. Two fierce beady eyes glared as if from a cave. The man grunted. Lucy froze . . . her nude body shivered and the pit of her stomach filled with adrenalin. She saw the man's enormous cock standing straight up, pointing towards her, with the largest set of nuts she'd ever seen.

Man and woman stared . . . hypnotized like granite statues, neither making a move.

Lucy thought of backing into the lake and swimming for it, but she knew that she'd never make it to the other side. It was just too far. Little ripples of fear tinkled across her scalp.

Lucy Danes; who weighed maybe 110 pounds dripping wet, stood at under five feet two inches tall, was in a panic. Thoughts of being murdered and butchered crossed her mind. Rape was the least of her worries. Here she was out in the middle of nowhere, alone, naked, at the mercy of a naked man with a hard-on and no way to escape.

She decided to make the first move, knowing full well it might be her last. The man stood motionless, his peering eyes riveted on the girl.

Lucy fluffed her hair free of the ties, smiled with force, and moved slowly forward. The huge man remained motionless, without a change of expression, his eyes glazed and his cock standing tall.

The crisis was at hand . . . great sex for the remaining days and nights of the week, or brutal, murderous, torturing hell for an unknown, agonizing period.

The man eyed the girl's approach. With a fluid movement, he placed both hands to the giant shaft arching up from between his legs. He stroked and pulled, slow at first, then faster, pump-

ing his excited meat with a fury. Lucy could hear his grunts, his moaning, an utter desperation for release. She watched his huge nuts bounce and flap and, for a moment, she wished that she could feel such giants slapping up against her ass.

Her voice squeaked, "Need any help there, Mister?" Lucy stood in front of him, smiling, with her hand forward, almost touching the giant penis. Spitte cozed from the corners of his closed mouth. He drooled, leaving an ugly wetness clinging to the hair on his face. His masturbation became strained as he gripped his giant cock with both hands and squeezed, pulled hard and aimed a flow of liquid toward the body standing before him. The warm fluid splashed against Lucy's hand, wrist, arm, and thigh. "Too late, huh?" she whispered, stepping back slightly. Her fear subsiding somewhat, she breathed easier, the pit of her stomach loosened.

Lucy Danes kneeled in the sand in front of the man. She leaned forward and kissed the man's penis. She licked the final drops of thick cum from the long slit at the end of its massive bulk. She wanted to make him happy. She wanted him to like her. After all, George was forever making her blow him; it must be the one thing that men can really appreciate from a woman.

She hadn't seen the tail. On her knees, Lucy saw the flexible appendage swish, spraying sand to the right and to the left. In a flash, Lucy knew that it was not a man but some sort of creature. Gripped with terror, she whirled and stumbled backwards to her feet, crawling, scrambling, running as fast and as hard as she had ever run. "Mama! Oh, God . . . God, help me!" she screamed, panting and racing for the lake.

The man-like creature moved slowly and deliberately after the fleeing girl. His steps were hard, heavy. The giant's cock was still hard, sticking straight up as his balls swung like coconuts on a windy day.

From the water, Lucy glanced back as she swam. The man-beast stood at the lake's edge and his mouth was open. She saw the fangs, white and distinct and maybe four inches apart. The jaws yawned wide, distorting the face so that it looked as if it was all mouth . . . like a snake's mouth during a strike.

Within minutes, Lucy was far from shore, near the middle of the lake, and out of breath—tired, floundering, paddling, stretching her legs downward praying for something solid, a rest. The

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MARYANNE: Growing Up

In this issue, Maryanne is making GENT history. As far as we know, she's the first model to ever make the centerfold twice, and we think it couldn't have happened to a nicer girl. Maryanne's first appearance was in the August 1979 issue, and since then, she's been featured three more times. Obviously, our readers can't get enough of her, and neither can we. As you may remember, Maryanne is a real clothes horse, and the sort of girl that believes in putting out a little extra effort. It really pays off. For this photo session, she decided to cultivate a new look—sophisticated and sexy. She thinks her fans deserve a change. "I was getting tired of being considered just a nice, plump good girl," she says. "There's another side of me that's a lot different."



"I always take the time to look pretty for a man, and I expect compliments and appreciation."







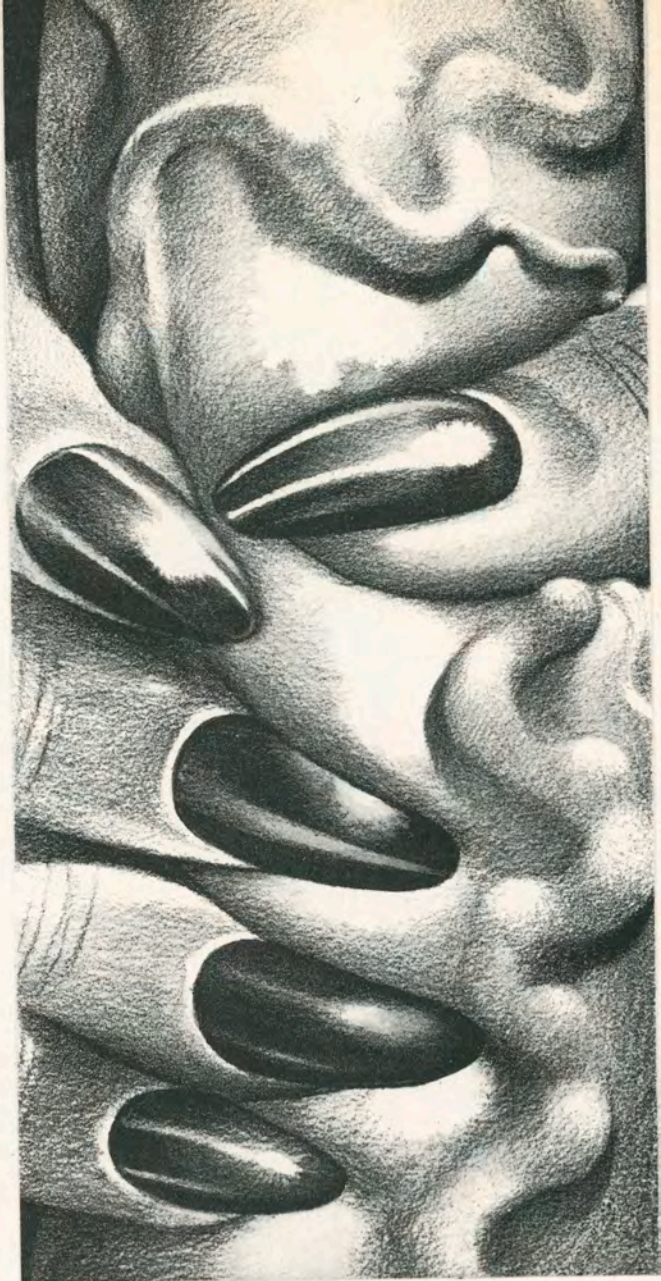
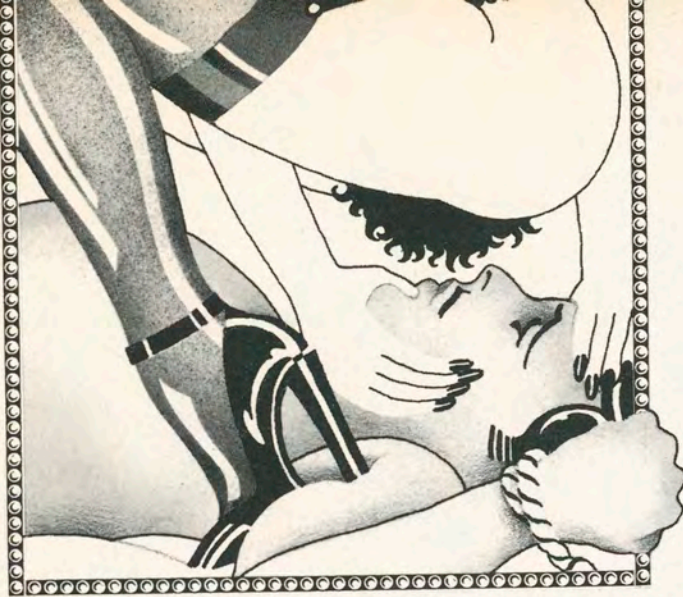




Maryanne is still living in Bayonne, New Jersey but she is getting ready to move soon to New York City. With her looks and figure (44-26-38) she will never have to worry about men. But, she wants a different type of man than what Bayonne has to offer. "I guess I'm maturing now, because the guys I grew up with just don't turn me on anymore. Most of them are either into getting laid or finding a nice girl to have babies with. I don't want any part of that. Hopefully, in New York, I'll be able to find a man who'll be smart enough to really know what a woman needs. One thing I demand is lots of attention." Well, any man would probably be more than glad to provide that. We asked Maryanne if she intended to keep her glorious full figure. "You can count on that," she says. "Of course, New York women tend to be thin, like models, but I plan to stay just like I am. There will be plenty of men who like buxom girls." That's a sure thing.







ADMIT THAT I'VE
BEATEN YOU... THAT
I'VE BROKEN YOU!



Man Raped

As she humped him, his mind reeled with the humiliation of being raped by a woman...but his stiff dick told another story.

By Ron M.

The minutes passed with agonizing slowness as I lay in the darkness and looked up at the ceiling. All vestiges of sleep had been swept from my mind, and I was wide awake, listening to the ringing pulse beating rhythmically in my ears. There had been other times when trembling anticipation had swelled within me, but none had been stronger or more eager. Marcia's lovely body promised precious moments of ecstasy and blissful satiation, and her willingness promised sublime warmth and love, continuing even after the act was consummated. I tossed restlessly, thinking of the graceful movements of her lithe, strong body and remembering her smile. The fingers of the tiny clock on the nightstand said ten minutes had passed, and it seemed like hours.

There was the sound of a key in the lock. My heart leaped as I looked at the door in the darkness, waiting breathlessly. It swung open and from the glow of light from the hall I saw two figures enter, their feet silent on the carpet. Two — ? And neither of them was Marcia . . .

There was a giggle and a throaty chuckle; excitement, anticipation, and a shared secret between them, then one of them spoke. "May I turn on the light?"

I nodded in the darkness. "Yes. Turn it on."

The lamp on the chest clicked on. They were both in hot pants, completely identical and impossible to distinguish. There were resilient bulges in their cotton pullovers which indicated they weren't wearing bras, and their bare midriffs and long tapered thighs were beautiful. Their golden-blond hair cascaded over their

Illustration by Otis Sweat

shoulders and down their backs in heavy, shining masses, and their lovely faces were shining and excited, their blue eyes dancing and sparkling. They were visions of beauty and sexual delight, but who were they — and where was Marcia?

In a low musical voice one of them said, "Hi, I'm Mary Beth, and this is my sister, Mary Lou. We'll show you a good time, but please — don't tell Marcia!"

I cleared my throat and swallowed with difficulty, the hungry need within me swelling and throbbing. I felt thrills of anticipation racing up and down my spine. Their arms slid around my body as they clutched me, squeezing the breath from me and forcing me down hard against the bed, lying on top of me. I was smothered in a sea of vibrant, eager flesh as they twisted me, controlled and manipulated me to suit their purpose. Their hands moved over me as one of them kissed my mouth hungrily while the other one moved her lips over my chest and stomach, then to the edge of my pajama bottoms.

The fragrance of their bodies and the warmth of their breath was a delicious cloud which seemed to enfold me as they surged against me. I slid my hands up inside their pullovers, feeling them and groping for their breasts. My hands closed on two firm, resilient mounds of flesh, caressing and fondling them. They pushed the covers down with their

feet and lay against me, and one of them eased open my pajama bottoms and closed her hand on my cock. A thrill of sensation raced through me and my thighs involuntarily opened as her firm strong hand began pumping.

The other beauty had pulled my tongue out of my mouth and into her own, and was sucking on it so hard it ached. Their bodies lay over mine, as their hands swarmed over me, touching and feeling. I clutched at them and felt them. A fiery arousal burned brightly within me. They pulled at their clothes, wriggling out of the pullovers and brief hotpants, then they were naked against me, their skin silky smooth and their flesh warm and firm.

Their hands inched off my pajamas and I raised my hips off the bed, my thighs wide apart and my knees flexed. I ran my hands down their bodies and felt their pussies. A finger wormed its way between the cheeks of my ass, then forced its way into me. I uttered a ragged moan as the sensations overwhelmed me, and her finger began sliding gently in and out. A numb dizzying cloud of ecstasy gripped me, and I could sense their growing arousal as their movements and caresses became more urgent.

Soft, damp lips and a warm, lapping tongue began moving up and down the back of my thighs. I raised my feet higher, running my hands over them as

they turned around on the bed, their lips on my stomach and thighs, and I closed my eyes and savored the sheer ecstasy that possessed me.

My fingers toyed with the silk-like curly hair between their thighs, as their lips and hands moved caressingly over my body, each movement bringing them closer and closer to my private parts. One of them lapped on down the back of my thighs to my buttocks, coming ever closer to my cock, and the other one again began probing my asshole with her middle finger. I strained to keep my feet up in the air and hold myself wide open, and I trembled constantly in delicious anticipation as they moved slowly, inexorably, to the focus of the sensations that were gripping me. Two tongues simultaneously began flicking back and forth across my cock head, and my cock jumped like the tail of an angry cat.

The next thing I knew I was flipped over, face down, and their was a weight on my back. When I felt a moist cunt rubbing into my back I tried to turn over, but could not. She was sitting on me like I was a horse, and she was riding me. Tingles ran through me and my prick was almost wild now to feel more satisfaction. They rolled me over on my back. One sat on my chest, the other on my legs. My prick was stiff and erect, waving for attention. Mary Beth sat back on the bed and held my cock between her feet. It looked like an aroused snake, as it jumped and pulsed. The head was deep red and the veins bulged along the sides. I moaned when she rolled it between her feet and tickled it with her toes. I bucked and heaved, trying to throw them off, but they held me down.

Mary Lou ran her long nails down my back, then she changed her position and trailed them slowly down my chest and across my stomach, leaving fire-trails in their wake.

"We'll have to hurry," Mary Beth said. "Marcia..."

Mary Lou was rubbing her hot pussy down my chest, ever so slowly, downwards to my throbbing prick. I gasped. She was so wanton as her cunt touched the end of my prick lightly. She rubbed her clit on the meaty head of my warm cock. It felt delightful to her, and she began massaging her own breasts. My jerking cock was held securely in Mary Beth's strong hand, and she was pumping it slowly. Her other hand was squeezing my balls.

I was in another world. All thought was gone from my mind except the



"Quick! I need a pick-me-up."

feeling in my cock.

"We've got to have release before we go." Mary Lou's voice was urgent. She began rubbing herself off on my rigid member, her labia lips kissing and caressing it. The eye in the middle of my prick began to ooze a clear, lubricating juice. Another moan was torn from my throat, the only response to what she said. The pure, unadulterated sexuality of the girl was driving me to a point of no return. I had never known such excitement. She was almost frantic as she rubbed my long rod with her hot pussy, teasing, taunting. Her warm juices slipped onto the head of my stiff prick.

I strained, and tried to come, but Mary Beth was squeezing the base of my cock, preventing the cum from shooting from my balls. She was pumping frantically on my cock. I tried to think, but my mind reeled. And in the end I gave in to her. She was too powerful for me.

"Let's not worry about Marcia," Mary Lou said. "This is going to take a while. I like to do things my way." She seized me around my body in a bear-hug, pressing me down into the bed. She got astride me, pinning my arms down flat with her knees, and sitting back across my chest. I had no strength to resist, and lay helpless, looking up at my excited conqueror. Mary Lou bounced up and down on my stomach, looking down at me, smiling. "Admit that I have beaten you — that I have broken you!" she demanded, her eyes dancing.

I admitted it, thinking . . . well, that's over, now she'll get up. But instead of getting off me, she moved forward until my face was between her thighs. I asked her to get off of me, but she only laughed. She seemed to enjoy the feel of my heaving chest under her ass, and the sight of my white, exhausted face looking up from between her strong thighs. After several minutes of savoring her victory over me, Mary Lou finally rose from my prostrate body and stood astride me, looking down at me contemptuously. Gazing up at her towering above me, her great bare legs locked like pillars rising from each side of my head, and her strongly-curved naked torso looked immense from below. I felt apprehensive and crushed as, with great deliberation, she raised one foot and pressed it against my face, forcing my head deeply into the bed. Mary Lou stood there, an Amazon Queen with her slave beneath her.

The tanned pillars of her legs ended

in a bunch of fair hair which ran between her thighs to the massive cheeks of her strong buttocks. Her thighs seemed bigger than ever, and when she slowly knelt over my face again, the gradually lowering arch seemed to stretch all ways, quite covering me, and excluding everything else in sight. When she had straddled down until her blonde pubic hair lightly brushed my nose, she stopped and remained poised astride my face.

I made a feeble movement of my head, which she sharply checked, keeping my face upright between her strong hands. Then she pressed down over me, gradually increasing her weight, and with a downward motion stretched her thighs farther outwards, forcing herself over me. I was now completely under her, and fighting hard for breath. Sitting squarely on my face, Mary Lou now was in undisputed control over her subject, full of pride at my defeat and helpless subjugation. In a warm, suffocating vice, I lay suffering her torture.

When my senses reeled, and I felt I could stand it no longer, Mary Lou rose up and left me, leaving me gasping, but half alive. I lay with my eyes shut, gulping in fresh air, glad to be free from the suffocating weight on my face. I must have blacked out for a little while because Mary Lou had been busily moving around me. I had no idea what she was doing until I opened my eyes and tried to sit up. I found I could not move my limbs. I was stretched out flat, Mary Lou having tied my wrists and ankles to the bedposts.

"What the *hell* do you think you're doing?" I asked. "Untie me!"

Kneeling down astride me she lay over me, and pressed her large strong body on top of mine, with her breasts over my face. Once more I felt stifled, as her firm, heavy, elastic breasts pressed over my nose and mouth, and her body crushed with its full weight onto mine.

Mary Lou occasionally lifted herself up just sufficiently to permit me frantically to gulp in some air. Wriggling her hips sideways, she could feel that I was being aroused again, and when she felt my slowly stiffening member between her thighs, she laughed aloud with pleasure, and rubbed it until it was almost ready for its climax. Cunningly, she stopped before I came, and let it die down again. Mary Lou repeated this process several times, so that my prick ached, blissfully heavy with trapped cum and I was on the verge of complete

exhaustion.

She gradually snaked her way up until her belly pressed over my face, and then inched her way up further yet, until she was finally astride my face again. Mary Lou steadily increased the pressure until I could scarcely breathe, fighting for each gulp of air, madly straining at my bonds, to no avail. She enjoyed my frantic struggles, keeping her weight pressing down and enveloping my face until I weakened, then straddling even more heavily with a grinding, twisting pressure on my face after each unsuccessful attempt to struggle.

After what seemed an eternity, Mary Lou rose and turned facing my feet. Lying full-length on top of me, she gradually inched her body downwards until her thighs once again squeezed my head. I was winded, completely spent. This strong young girl had finished me, and we both knew it. As Mary Lou brought me, easily, to my gushing climax, she came herself, really hard. We breathed heavily for several minutes, blissfully relaxing. She sat back on my face and remained there until I promised to see her again the next evening. . .

At that moment the door opened and Marcia walked in. Mary Beth, fully clothed, slipped past her and through the door, closing it behind her. Marcia's voice was hard. "I think it's high time I gave you your first lesson in self-defense."

"Self-defense?"

"Show you ways to protect yourself, in case another one of these sluts tries her routine on you."

"But . . . I don't know . . ."

"Enough talk. I'll show you what I mean. Mary Lou had been dressing hurriedly. Marcia casually walked up behind her; expertly judo-chopped her behind the ear, catching her as she slumped, then deposited her, none too gently, on the bed. Marcia stalked me, backed me into a corner, then closed in swiftly. I tried to fight back, but she effortlessly bent and twisted me, forcing me down upon the floor.

"This is an example of what I mean," she said. "Isn't it interesting? I like it!"

"Come on, now. Cut it out!"

"Don't tell me to stop! I'm in no hurry. . ."

"Owwww! That hurts! Knock it off!"

"I'm giving you, generously, a lesson in judo-wrestling," Marcia purred. "To teach you how to protect yourself." Her

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Spotlight On Uschi Digard



She's the most famous D-Cupper of all-time, and one of the sexiest women we've ever featured. Uschi Digard, a 5'5", 118-pound bombshell, has become the most popular lady in GENT history. And with good reason. She's just as intelligent as she is beautiful, and can be something different to every man. These photos were taken over the past five years; Uschi remains lovely.

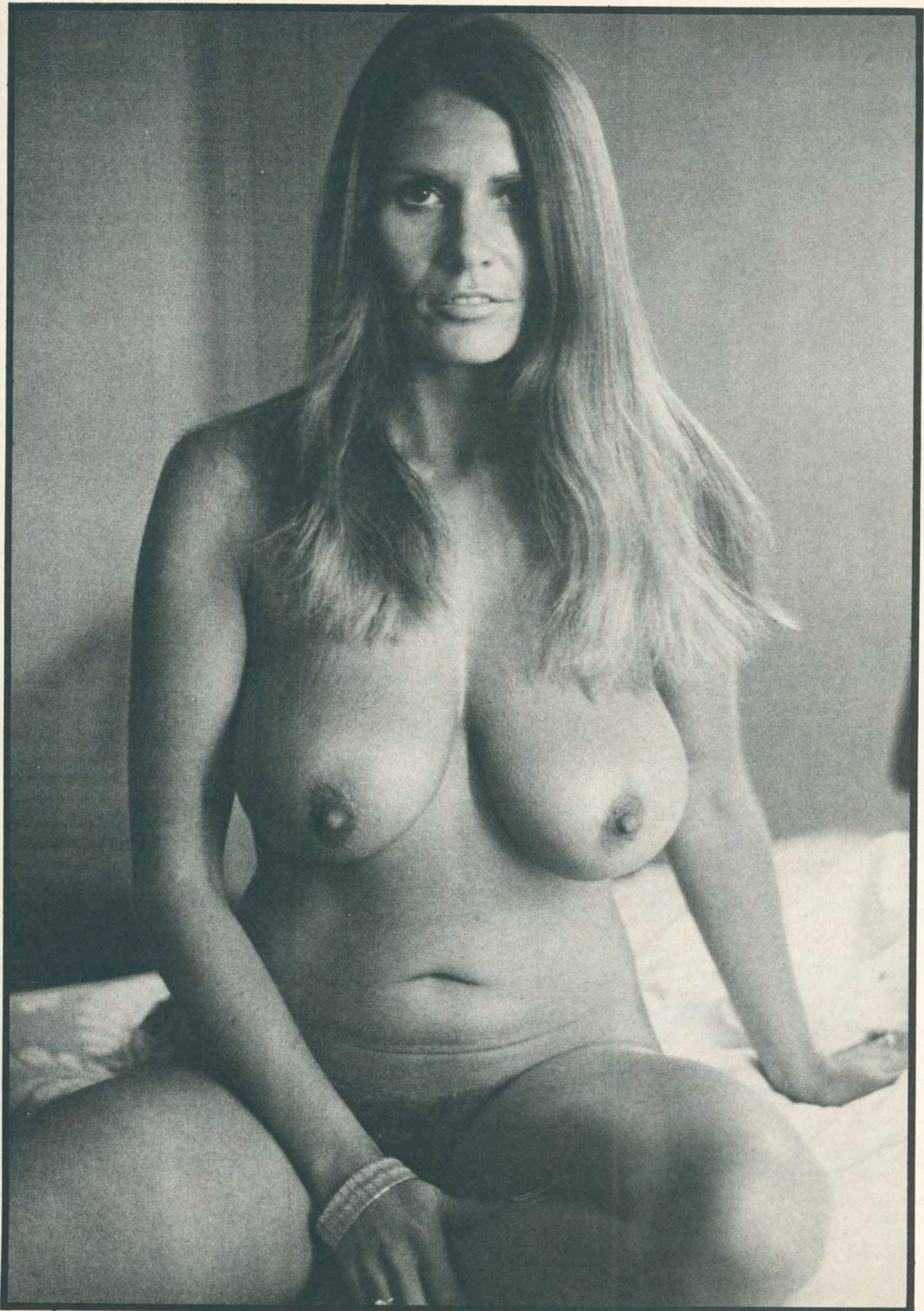




Uschi...to know her is to love her. And you will be the lucky guy to get to know Uschi personally if you're our grand prize winner.

Uschi is a woman of many talents, and not all of them are confined to the art of making love. She speaks eight foreign languages, has acted in more than 100 films, and has been an associate producer on Russ Meyer's last two movies. But her greatest talent is with people and their problems, and not only their sexual problems either. Her knowledge is bred from vast experience in the real world, and a sharp insight into the needs of men and women. She's looking forward to her exclusive contest, and wishes everybody the best of luck. And, she'll have lots to say too. For details, see page 11.





ISRAEL'S MOSSAD

continued from page 28

student in the Mossad must face.

At year's end, only 15 percent manage to pass the course. Those who don't manage are either offered jobs in local intelligence where the demands aren't quite so high as foreign intelligence, or outright asked to find some other area of employment. All are forbidden to speak of the rigors of the year they have just endured.

The Mossad has operated for years in relative quiet. Assassinations were carried out from time to time, but in general, the work was more espionage and information gathering than "liquidation." But this all changed in 1972.

*

Munich—September 5, 1972. A knock is heard at the door of the apartment housing a number of Israeli athletes. Moments later a band of armed and athletically dressed men burst through the door firing Soviet-made AK-47 attack rifles. They take hostages and begin to issue demands. They identify themselves as the Black September—a

group of Palestinians dedicated to the overthrow of Israel and the Liberation of Palestine. In return for the lives of the nine Israeli athletes being held, the terrorists demand the release of 200 Arabs from Israeli prisons and make other minor demands. The German Government is uncertain how to react. Remembering the extermination camps Hitler used to kill Jews three decades before, the German Government wants no more Jewish blood on its hands.

Israel is outraged. Two of its athletes were killed during the storming of the quarters by the Palestinians, and the tiny nation, upset by the lax security shown by the host government on the Olympic grounds, declares they will hold Germany responsible for the welfare of the remaining athletes.

The German Government pretends to cooperate with the terrorists, and a jet is made ready to fly the Arabs and their hostages out of the country. As the terrorists and hostages are about to board a jetliner at the Furstenfeldbruck airport, German marksmen open fire. In a hail of bullets, all the Israeli athletes are killed as the terrorists realize they've been tricked and open fire on their helpless captives. All but three terrorists are shot and killed. The eyes of

the world have watched in morbid fascination as what is supposed to be an athletic spectacle for the furtherance of goodwill and peace, turns into a deadly game of political rhetoric and murder.

Israel, seething with anger and vowing to avenge the death of eleven of its young sons, turns to the only weapon they have to fight back at the terrorists—the Mossad.

Israel's retaliation was swift and sure in the months following the "Munich Massacre," as it was soon to become known. From the special operations branch of the Mossad, a number of "hit teams" were selected. Their specific missions would be to seek out and destroy the Black Septemberists in their own countries and their representatives wherever they could be found.

On October 16, 1972, a poet from Palestine named Wadal Adel Zvaiter made the mistake of being out alone on the night streets of Rome. Zvaiter had been fingered by the Mossad as the brains behind a recent explosion aboard an El Al Boeing 707. The Arab had lived in Italy for 16 years and was employed by the Libyan Embassy as a translator. He was destined to become the first victim in Israel's retaliatory strike against Arab terrorism. As he approached his apartment building, two figures jumped out of the shadows and pumped 12 .22 bullets into his head and body. They jumped into a waiting car and disappeared into the night. No suspects were ever apprehended.

On December 8, 1972, Dr. Mahmoud Hamshari, the Black September chief in Paris, answered the urgently ringing phone in his apartment. As he placed the receiver to his ear, he heard a high-pitched beep. A split second later, a terrific explosion blasted him across the room. Hamshari lived long enough to explain how the bomb was activated by the beep on the phone. No suspects were ever apprehended.

And so it went. But the Black Septemberists weren't the only ones losing agents. Israel was also losing many of its key people in embassies around the world in what was fast turning into an all-out espionage war.

Baruch Cohen, a Mossad agent who had been instrumental in tracking down a number of the terrorists, was lured to a seamy area in Madrid, Spain, on the pretext of being able to buy some information on a certain terrorist he was searching. On the morning of January 26, 1973, the agent was found shot to death. The man generally held responsible for his death was none other than



"She's part mermaid and part sea cow."

Mohamed Boudia—the very person Cohen had been searching. In the next few months, a number of “Israeli businessmen” around the world would be found shot to death as the “war” heated up.

By the middle of 1973, the Mossad had eliminated 12 high ranking PLO and Black September leaders. But the man they searched for most desperately had eluded them: Ali Hassan Salameh. Salameh was the highest ranking Black Septemberist still living, and had been the brains and organizer behind the massacre at the '72 Olympics. He was the target each Mossad agent dreamed about after turning out the lights at night.

Salameh was the son of Hassan Salameh, a leader who was killed when his headquarters was blown up by Haganah, the Israeli underground, during the 1948 war. As the youth matured, he inherited his father's hatred of the Israelis, and soon became active in Arab terrorist circles. By 1970, the young Ali Hassan was deeply involved in terrorist operations, and helped plan the Japanese Red Army shooting spree at Lod airport on May 30, 1972 where twenty people were killed and eighty were wounded. The Israeli airport bore the marks of the senseless attack for months, as hundreds of rounds of bullets were fired.

The Mossad wanted Ali Hassan Salameh, and they wanted him in the worst way. A plan was devised to deal with the terrorist when located, and the search became known as “The Chase for the Red Prince,” the code name given to the plan to find and kill the Black September leader.

But even the best laid plans can go awry, and the Israeli Secret Service found that it too, was vulnerable to occasional error.

Operating on a tip, a team of Mossad agents flew to Oslo, Norway, where Ali Hassan Salameh was reported to have been seen. Further information indicated the “Red Prince” was in Lillehammer, about 100 miles north of Oslo. This hit-team immediately moved north and located the Arab believed to be the hated terrorist leader. They checked their information again. Again it came back positive—they were told they had the right man. Photos were checked—there was indeed a resemblance. The operation went ahead as planned. The man most hated and feared by the State of Israel was shot and killed as he strolled along a street with his pregnant wife. The gunmen

jumped into a waiting car and sped off. Justice, they felt, had been served.

But this time the Mossad was wrong. They had killed Ahmed Bouchiki, a Moroccan waiter at a local health club. What made matters worse, was the fact that there had been witnesses to the crime, and before the hit team could drive the 100 miles back to the safety of Oslo, most members were rounded up and charged with murder. They were put on trial and Israel received front-page notoriety in newspapers around the world. “ISRAELI KILLERS MURDER INNOCENT MAN!”—screamed the headlines.

Smarting from the bad publicity, Israel quietly put its assassination squads into neutral until the international outcry died down. But the hunt for the Red Prince quietly went on.

Several years passed and Ali Hassan Salameh, cognizant of the tremendous effort Israel was exerting to find and eliminate him, stayed out of the public eye. His activities during the years after the Lillehammer disaster of July 1973 aren't clear, although he was known to operate out of Beirut, Lebanon, where he'd settled down with his wife, a young Lebanese named Georgina, who'd represented Lebanon and won the Miss Universe contest several years before.

Then, one morning in early 1979, a sudden explosion rocked a street in west Beirut. A Chevrolet station wagon carrying five men had passed a Volkswagen parked by the side of the road. As the Chevy pulled even with the parked car, 50 kilograms of dynamite were detonated by a radio signal. Four of the men were killed instantly, along with four pedestrians. Eighteen others were injured. Only one of the five men lived—it was the Red Prince, Ali Hassan Salameh.

Miraculously, he was still alive, although only barely. He was rushed to American University Hospital where he died with a metal fragment buried deep in his brain. The chase for the Red Prince was over.

The elimination of Ali Hassan Salameh seemed to satisfy Israel's desire for blood restitution. The Mossad had eliminated 13 of Black September's leaders, and the once united terrorist group was in shambles. The Mossad had accomplished its goal, and once again it quietly slipped out of the public eye and into more clandestine and less sensational operations. Israel remains secure in the knowledge that should the time of need arise again, the Mossad will be ready!



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She is the kind of woman who needs a real man, the sort of man who knows how to handle a fiery woman. Sue is from Mexico, and has some old-fashioned ideas on how her men should be. For one thing, she has no use for women's lib. And, she has nothing to do with men who expect to treat their women like one of the guys. She demands attention, respect, and plenty of true macho. And she means it. "I can't stand a man who wants to be coddled like a little baby or treated like one. For a man to attract me, he has to act like a man when we're together."





Although she tends to be temperamental, Sue also has another more gentle side. She's also aware that strong language can scare off some men, but she's demanding for only one reason. She has to test a man before she can fully give herself to him. After that, she's willing to give everything, all the time. "Once I know that someone will treat me like a lady, yet be firm and strong, I treat them very nice. After that, everything I do is for my man; his pleasure. That's the only way to be with a lover. When he's feeling good, I do too."







"When a man is strong, a woman will respond to him more. It has nothing to do with muscles. He has to have confidence."

We assumed that a woman with a figure like Sue's (38-24-35) would have very few problems, at least finding the right kind of man. But, she told us that it's not as easy as most people would believe. As a matter of fact, she's still looking for her dream man. "I get approached by a lot of guys, but they're usually too weak and gentle for me. And, most of them pay too much attention to women's lib. I don't need anybody like that. What I need is a man who'll establish his position with me, and then make me love him forever."



CANNIBALISM

continued from page 26

were undoubtedly tribes such as the Mambila who ate human flesh for the very simple reason that they liked it. Some Nigerian tribes claimed that human flesh was by far the most succulent of meats, though monkey was almost as good. The palms, fingers and toes made the best eating, but the Bafum-Dansaw had a technique for improving the rest of the carcass by pumping palm oil into it and leaving it to marinate. Generally, tribes who ate human flesh for other than religious reasons avoided making inroads into their own tribes."

Tannahill further noted: "Sacrificial and ceremonial cannibalism was almost universal in some parts of West Africa, and judicial cannibalism or blood-drinking was also common. But the economic cannibalism of the Bobos of the western Sudan struck something of a new note.

"There was one story published in the 1880's of a man who went on a business trip, leaving his wife with a Bobo friend. When he returned home, his friend handed over to him not his wife

but the sum of 60,000 cowries (shells used as money). The friend explained that the woman had fallen ill and begun to lose weight; and as he did not want her husband to lose money on her, he had killed her and sold her in the market before she became too thin to fetch a good price."

Cannibalism, of course, can occur under extreme conditions in cultures where it is strictly taboo—like the United States. One famous case was that of the tragic Donner party—the wagon train that was trapped in the snows of the Sierra Nevadas in the winter of 1846-47. The survivors who were finally rescued had all resorted to cannibalism. Still, one disliked member of the party, Louis Keseberg, took the brunt of the blame, being called the "man-eating monster of the mountains," and even being accused of murder. (He was cleared in a defamation trial in 1847.)

Here's how a reporter for the New York *Tribune* described the scene for the shocked readers back East: "One of those who went out to the Camp of Death after the snows melted described to me the horrible circumstances under which they found Keseberg—seated, like a ghoul, in the midst of the dead

bodies, with his face and hands smeared with blood, and a kettle of human flesh boiling over the fire.

"He had become a creature too foul and fiendish for this earth . . . He spoke with a sort of fiendish satisfaction of the meals he had made, and the men were obliged to drag him away from them by main force, not without the terrible conviction that some of the victims had been put to violent death to glut his appetite." (It made exciting reading at the time.)

Another incident occurred in the Rocky Mountains in the winter of 1874, and what makes it unusual is that it is the only instance where an American person was convicted of cannibalism. Alfred Packer and five mining companions had tried to hike 75 miles across the mountains, but Packer was the only one to make it to the safety of an Indian Agency. When questioned about the others, he told authorities that a man named Shannon Bell had killed them, and that he had killed Bell in self-defense. He then roasted and ate the bodies. "It tasted like jerked beef," he said.

Packer became known as "the Colorado Cannibal," and he spent 17 years in jail. He was eventually released and died at the age of 65 in 1907.



"Who says money can't buy happiness?"

Other reports of cannibalism have cropped up during troubled times. After World War I, during a period of starvation, there were accounts of cannibalism in parts of Germany. And after World War II there were instances in Russia's Ukraine. In his memoirs, Nikita Khrushchev described how one of his subordinates reported it to him:

"The woman had the corpse of her own child on the table, and was cutting it up. She was chattering away as she worked. 'We've already eaten Manechka (little Maria). Now we shall salt down Vanechka (little Ivan). This will keep us for some time.' Can you imagine? This woman had gone crazy with hunger and butchered her own children."

Then there was the much-publicized 1972 incident that spawned at least two books. In October a chartered plane took off from Montevideo, Uruguay bound for Santiago, Chile. It carried 15 young rugby players and 24 friends and relatives. It crashed in the Andes mountains and 32 of the passengers and crew survived the crash. However, two more died the following day, two more

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on succeeding days, and nine more in
an avalanche on the 16th day that
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pieces of chocolate and a bit of wine
and jam. Finally, though, they realized
that they had to eat the flesh of the
others. Some couldn't stomach it, but
some actually seemed to enjoy it. Most
forced themselves, but one couldn't and
died.

When rescuers arrived, there were 16
still alive. One survivor, when trying to
identify the bodies, supposedly tossed a
skull to another survivor and said in a
cheerful tone: "You should know who
this guy is; you ate his brains." (Psy-
chologists believe there is a "psychic
numbing" in some such cases. They
adopt an insensitivity to cover up for the
severe emotional damage.) The survi-
vors, however, were treated sym-
pathetically; they had simply done what
they had to do.

There are also those isolated and
bizarre cases that seem to happen when
food is scarce. One such occurred in
Berlin, Germany in the 1920's. A 50-
year-old man named Grossmann was a
hot dog vendor in one of the railroad
stations, but he had some unusual inter-
ests. H. Soderman, a noted Swedish
criminologist, described his activities:

"If he saw getting out of one these
(trains) a girl who looked like she was
coming to the city to hunt for a job as a
housemaid, he would approach (pro-
vided she was fat enough), politely lift
his cap and inquire whether he could be
of any assistance. During the conversa-
tion he would drop a remark that he was
in need of a housekeeper for his
bachelor household and that she could
have the job if she wanted. He paid
well, he used to say, and there was not
much work. Often a girl accepted, and
any who did would not be seen again.

"Grossmann kept each of these girls
for a couple of days, then murdered her.
He cut up the bodies with a butcher's
skill, kept the flesh and disposed of the
balance in some sewer. Then he pickled
the meat, ground it and put it into his
sausages, which he later sold at the
railway station. This constant stream of
girls into his flat finally alerted some
neighbors, who put the police on his
track. Bundles of female clothes were
discovered in the closets, and finally
Grossmann confessed."

A few other cases include Germany's
Fritz Haarmann, the "Hanover Vam-
pire." In 1924 he was convicted of kil-
ling 27 young men, and then turning
them into sausages. And then there was

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Albert Fish of New York City who in 1934 was convicted of killing and eating 15 school children. It was claimed that he served them up in a stew.

The foregoing, of course, are examples of bizarre and even psychopathic behavior, and may be questionably cannibalistic. However, even the existence of "true" cannibalism has been questioned by one anthropologist. Dr. W. Arens is the author of the 1979 book, "The Man-Eating Myth." In an interview with Phillip Nobile, he argued that anthropologists may have misinterpreted statements about cannibalism, because, he claimed, there are no actual eye-witness accounts. He pointed out:

"Primitive peoples have the same taboos against eating human flesh as we do. It is not an easy matter to go from survival to actual practice in this regard. There is evidence that Eskimos who have been caught in this situation are forevermore considered to be second-class citizens."

He also said: "Regardless of cultural differences, there are universal standards of behavior throughout the world. The denial of human flesh is one of the universals, just as sex is within the nuclear family. We don't have any evidence of any society that allows marriage or sex within the family or permits the eating of human flesh."

And Arens concluded: "Incest occurs, but it is a violation of norms. The incest taboo and the taboo on eating human flesh I consider to be the baselines of human culture. I don't deny that cannibalism itself exists in some places at some times. But it is always an aberration. However, instead of regarding this behavior as aberrant, we assume wrongly that the culture permits it."

Do cultures permit it? In October, 1979 a team of British explorers found a primitive tribe living in "Stone Age" conditions in a remote valley of New Guinea. It is an area known for cannibalism, and a tribesman told the explorers that nine members of their tribe were being held on cannibalism charges in jail in the nearby town of Nomad.

Does ritual cannibalism exist? The Central African Republic's ex-dictator, Bokassa, has been accused of such practices. It was reported that only those closest to him took part in cannibalistic rites. When he said, "Let's have some mutton," the others clearly understood what he meant.

For whatever reasons, it appears that cannibalism has existed—and does exist.

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continued from page 6

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useful attachment. It's two and one-quarter inches in diameter and shaped like a flattened funnel. This one is perfect for every area of the body, from the top of your head to the tip of your toes. The wide, flat rubber dampens some of the vibrations and feels soothing as it glides over your body, especially if you splash on some body oil. The greasy sensation of the oil mingled with the soothing vibrations is a real turn-on.

I found out that this attachment can really get you in the mood for making love. Begin by pressing it gently on your woman's head, letting it tingle the scalp. It'll make her feel as if she were floating right out of her body. Next bring it down her neck and to her breasts, circling the nipples. From there, slide it down her stomach, then between her legs. This is another teasing trick. She'll be dying to have you rub her clitoris. When you finally do, she'll thrust her hips toward the vibrator, begging for more stimulation. (At this point, you should slip on the Clitoral Massage attachment to bring her off.)

When your woman massages you, the Facial Massage is ideal for rubbing over your balls. This attachment cups them perfectly and is gentle. Have her tenderly rotate the device over your balls while she slides her hand up and down your shaft. If she keeps the massager moving, you'll be coming again. It's a wild feeling... or so I've been told.

The body massage attachment is good, but it's limited. This one is shaped like a small bell. It's one and one-half inches in height and the same in diameter at the opening of the

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bell. You can use this in the beginning stages, when you're massaging your woman. She'll like it if you cup her nipples, or better yet, if you place the bell-shaped attachment over her clitoris. Because of its shape, this attachment creates a slight suction and feels as if it's pulling the clitoris outward toward the center of the bell. It's an unusual, erotic sensation.

Once she gets aroused, however, this attachment isn't sufficient to stimulate her to orgasm. The attachment doesn't really have much usefulness beyond this point. It's not soothing for body massages, and it doesn't feel good on a man's balls. So this one may stay in the box more often than not.

The vaginal massage attachment, sometimes called *The Sizzler*, is also limited. This attachment resembles a flying saucer. It measures one and one-half inches in diameter and consists of two circles with a small ball in the center.

Because the vibrations are dispersed throughout the various parts of this attachment, it doesn't produce strong enough sensations to help your woman reach an orgasm. Therefore, it's frustrating for her if you use it at length on her pussy.

The best place for this attachment is against your woman's ass ... or as with the clitoral massage, against yours. The round ball nestles into the puckered anus and the ridges tickle the outer skin. It feels very naughty, but there's not enough power to do a good job. All and all, it's not very versatile.

The worst attachment is the Scalp Massage. It's two inches in diameter and covered with dozens of firm nipples one-quarter inch in length. This attachment may technically be designed for the scalp, but to be honest with you, it's much too harsh for anyone's scalp ... or anywhere else for that matter. When it's vibrating, the firm nipples aggressively dig in and pinch the skin rather than tantalize it. I rarely use this attachment for anything.

In some kits, the Vaginal Massage is exchanged for another attachment, also for the vaginal area. This one is shaped like a slim mitten or like a finger and a thumb. The finger section is four inches long and one-half in diameter. The thumb section which protrudes at an angle from the finger is two inches long and one-half inch in diameter. This attachment is designed

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to stimulate the vagina and the clitoris at the same time. And it does the job well!

Slip the long finger part into your woman's pussy, letting the thumb part touch against her clitoris. When this attachment is moving in and out of her she'll feel like she's being fucked

"When this attachment is moving in and out of her, she'll feel like she's being balled by something out of this world..."

by something out of this world. I've never failed to get off with this one. If you have a choice between this attachment or The Sizzler, by all means choose this one.

These attachments are easy to slip on and off, but remember to shut off the device before you change them. If you put the attachments on while the device is vibrating, you could damage the motor by slowing it down unnaturally. It takes only a second to press the switch off, remove one attachment and replace it with another, then turn the device back on. That's a lot easier than ruining the motor and having to buy another one. You should experiment with these attachments and after a while, you'll probably find uses I haven't even dreamed of yet!

All and all, I would say the Electric Massager is a winner. If you decide to buy one—and I strongly suggest that you do—remember these points: 1) An electric massager is not like any of the battery operated vibrators on the market. It produces deeper, more penetrating vibrations. 2) You and your woman can *both* use this device. 3) To avoid numbing, switch to the heavy, low-frequency vibrations for a few seconds. 4) If you have a choice, buy the electric massager with a finger and thumb attachment. 5) Shut off the massager before you change the attachments.

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MAN RAPED

continued from page 55

holds became more painful, and I gasped. "In a moment," Marcia said, "you will begin to like it!"

"What... What do you mean?"

"I intend to show you!"

"Come on, let go...! That's enough!"

"Now that I have you just the way I want you?" Marcia answered. "Don't be silly, Ron dear..."

The pain Marcia was inflicting on me with her muscular arms and legs was getting worse, and I moaned, "Ohhhh, Marcia! Noooo...!"

"Why shouldn't I enjoy my own lesson? I give it freely," she answered. Her magnificent body was now whipping to and fro — up and down — and she was writhing madly as she thwarted my every attempt to free myself from her strong hands and whipping, threshing body. I was still fighting back, though I knew I didn't have a chance of beating her. I was only trying to defend myself.

Marcia was whispering in my ear. "You will realize, now, what I want to do... Ron... I always have my way... Soon, now. Ummmm... yes, very soon... you'll be begging me to continue, not to stop! Noooo... not to stop... And I won't stop...!"

By that time I was begging, "Ohhhh, stop...! Marcia! Don't be so... personal...! Owwww! Oooooo...!"

"Beg me darling," Marcia cooed in my ear. I love to hear you beg!"

The situation was changing, subtly, and now, the scene was one of wagging bodies and wagging tongues. Suddenly, unexpectedly, Marcia ceased brutalizing me and began a vicious slapping. Her strong right arm moved back and forth in swinging arcs as her firm heavy hand lashed one side of my face, then the other. My head was rocked from side to side from the punishing blows. Then, just as suddenly, Marcia went back to wrestling with me. She had turned into a demon, and put me through a wild session of punching, judo-chops, and a series of punishing and torturous holds, twisting my arms and legs, softening me up even more, preparing me for the ultimate climax.

I still was resisting as best I could. I still was trying desperately to unseat Marcia, looking for a way to free myself; to roll the dominating girl off me, but my strength was failing fast. And despite my twisting and threshing, Marcia had glued herself tightly against



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me and held on like a primeval incubus.

Marcia laughed grimly at my strenuous and frantic efforts. She taunted me, prodded me, and challenged me to thwart her intentions. She laughed caustically at my steadily weakening and now pitiful resistance, as she continued to torment me. Marcia pulled and twisted my ears; tweaked my nose; slapped my face, still taunting me under her breath. Then she began whispering words of love to me. "Well, Ron, it looks as though your worst enemy is yourself."

I looked up, and Marcia had a twinkle in her eye. She must have found it very amusing. I would have felt weak and embarrassed any other time, but I was so worked up that all I could think about was getting satisfaction. Marcia watched me closely, and seemed to sense this intuitively. My natural reaction to all of this would have been to jump up and fight my way out. But I begged, instead, for I realized that I was no match for her. "What are you going to do?" I stammered.

Marcia didn't answer. Instead, she walked over to her shoulder bag, opened it, and took out a pair of black pigskin gloves. Walking toward me, she put them on. My cock began rising, and Marcia began to caress it. "Make that cock nice and hard Ron," she said. "I have plans for it." She continued to rub it with the polished leather until it was swollen and rock hard. "Now then, shithead, I'm going to make myself hot with this thing." She tugged on my member. "And all the pleasure will be mine. Your pain will only intensify it." But moments later Marcia left me, still unfulfilled, and went into the bathroom. When she emerged she was wearing a brown leather dildo, attached to a garterbelt.

"Oh, no! No you don't!" I protested.

"Oh, yes, Ronald," Marcia said. "This is going to be good. And I owe you — for that performance with those two cunts!"

"No! But I..."

"YES!"

Again, I tried to hold her off, knowing it was useless. As I surrendered myself to Marcia, a smile crossed her lips, as the dildo entered my ass and probed deeply within. Marcia held me tightly. Her hips, humping, made a mockery of the usual male role in lovemaking.

When it was over Marcia walked to the door and turned to look at me. "I'll whistle when I want you again, Ron..." Then she was gone.



BAMBI: She's A Dear

Bambi Leigh has to be one of the most gorgeous older women we've seen in a long time, and most likely the sexiest. She has an incredibly firm body, and a figure to match (43-25-36). She's 5'1", and a wonderfully proportioned 109 pounds. And, besides those great statistics, she's got an equally fantastic sex appeal. For one thing, she's old enough to know how to please a man, and young enough for some very athletic sex. That is a combination that can't be beat. As she says, "Men are often very surprised when they get to know me better. Just because I'm older does not mean I'm a prude."





Bambi lives in California, and she says that living there has helped both her looks and her personality. She likes the way people in California take care of their bodies, and she likes their healthy attitude about sex. "Everyone here is really conscious about the way they look, which I think is a good thing. It's helped me realize that just because a gal has turned 30, she can still be sexy and very desirable to the opposite sex. In fact, men prefer mature women if they haven't let their bodies go to pot. I like a man who pays as much attention to his body as I do to mine." We asked her if she has any other qualifications for those lucky guys who get to spend some time with her. "Well, they don't have to be real good looking, but I do like a man who cares more for other aspects of sex, rather than just the physical part of it. Don't get me wrong, that part is important too. But, as I get older, I'm beginning to think more about things like gentleness and caring for one another. I'm not looking for a hot-blooded young stud. Just a man that takes the time to make love to me as it should be, nice and slow."









Make A Date... With three HOT numbers!



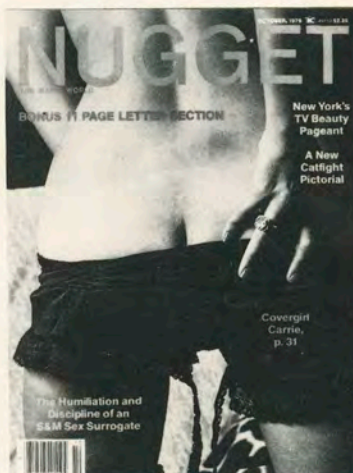
TITS 'N ASS AND A TOUCH OF CLASS...

That's what you'll find every month in CAVALIER! If you like a little culture, our stories and articles are by some of the best writers around. Plus, we've got some of the classiest girls you'll find anywhere including incredible D-Cuppers who've spilled over from GENT. We have "Hang-Up" letters from readers on every subject from catfighting to muff-diving, some great cartoons to tickle your funny bone and lots, lots more. So, if you're interested in improving your mind and tickling your fancy, pick up a copy of CAVALIER. It's uplifting!

IS YOUR TASTE A LITTLE KINKY?

If so, you ought to give NUGGET a look. We've been around twenty-odd years but we're not old-fashioned. We are always up to date on what's going on in the worlds of bondage, fetishism, water sports, TVs, infantilism, catfighting and every other diversion and perversion imaginable. Our kinky letters section lets our readers tell us their far-out fantasies and experiences—and do they ever! And we have about fifty pages in every issue of far-out girls to fuel your fires.

So if you're feeling a little far out, try NUGGET. You won't be disappointed!



HOW ABOUT A QUICKIE?

DUDE magazine has lots of them for you... pages and pages of one-shot photos to amuse you, tease you, titillate you and make you feel good. Plus, we've got tales and articles galore on every subject for the he-man reader who likes his facts and girls up front. Stud Macho tells you how to put a new twist in your sheets every issue with his interesting column, and don't forget Dude's darlings... lots of the prettiest girls around to heat your bacon and set your log on fire. If you're tired of tame tales and pallid pics, pick up a copy of DUDE today. Sex can be fun!

On sale at most newsstands

For subscription information, write to: Dugent Publishing Corp., 316 Aragon Ave., Coral Gables, Fla. 33134. Sample copy: \$3.00, postpaid.

THE FISHING TRIP

continued from page 44

creature was swimming toward her. Its tail followed its head through the water like a water snake follows a muskrat. The girl was faint, losing control and consciousness. She faded beneath the rippling green water, sinking, falling through a liquid air.

Lucy Danes awakened inside of her sleeping bag. She was still nude, she was warm, and she found Peter laying beside her. Rolling to her right her eyes signaled her brain to scream. The creature was kneeling there, his hands pulling and pumping on his forever hard cock just inches from her face.

Lucy didn't scream. She realized that if the creature was going to harm her, she'd be dead by now. It must've been him who pulled her from the lake, rescued her from her own fears and imagination.

The head of the creature was horrible to look at so Lucy avoided that part of her love-making with it. She simply took him dog-fashion, concentrating on the manliness that she could accept. For the next several days, Lucy and the man-like creature repeated the ritual; sucking, fucking, fishing, swimming, and best of all for Lucy, enjoying the great outdoors... tail and all.

It was dusk when the little red float plane buzzed the lake, made a pass and then roared in, splashing white water from either side. The ship taxied to a beach of sand and Lucy Danes climbed aboard.

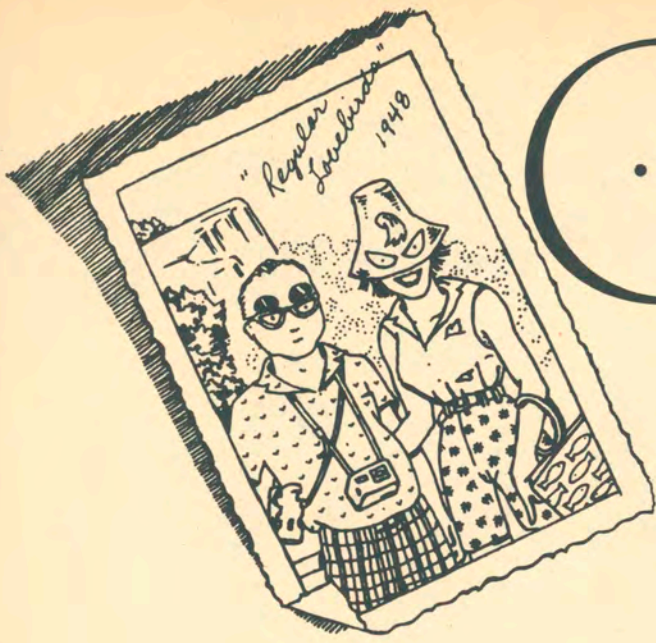
"Hi, Mike." The girl smiled, tossing her gear to the rear of the small plane.

"Catch many fi..." The old man's voice trailed off, then he added, "Before I came down I thought I saw something stompin' through them bushes back there. Could'a been a bear, you know, did you see anything?"

"Nope. Not me, Pop. I ain't been lookin'... just enjoying the great outdoors. And yes, the fishing was terrific."

Mike frowned. "Guess maybe I ought'a quit this flyin' and go fishin' m'self. Startin' to see Bigfoots all over the place."

The girl smiled. She was glad to have taken the fishing trip. She might even be able to put up with George for another twelve years. If he'd let her go fishing once in a while.



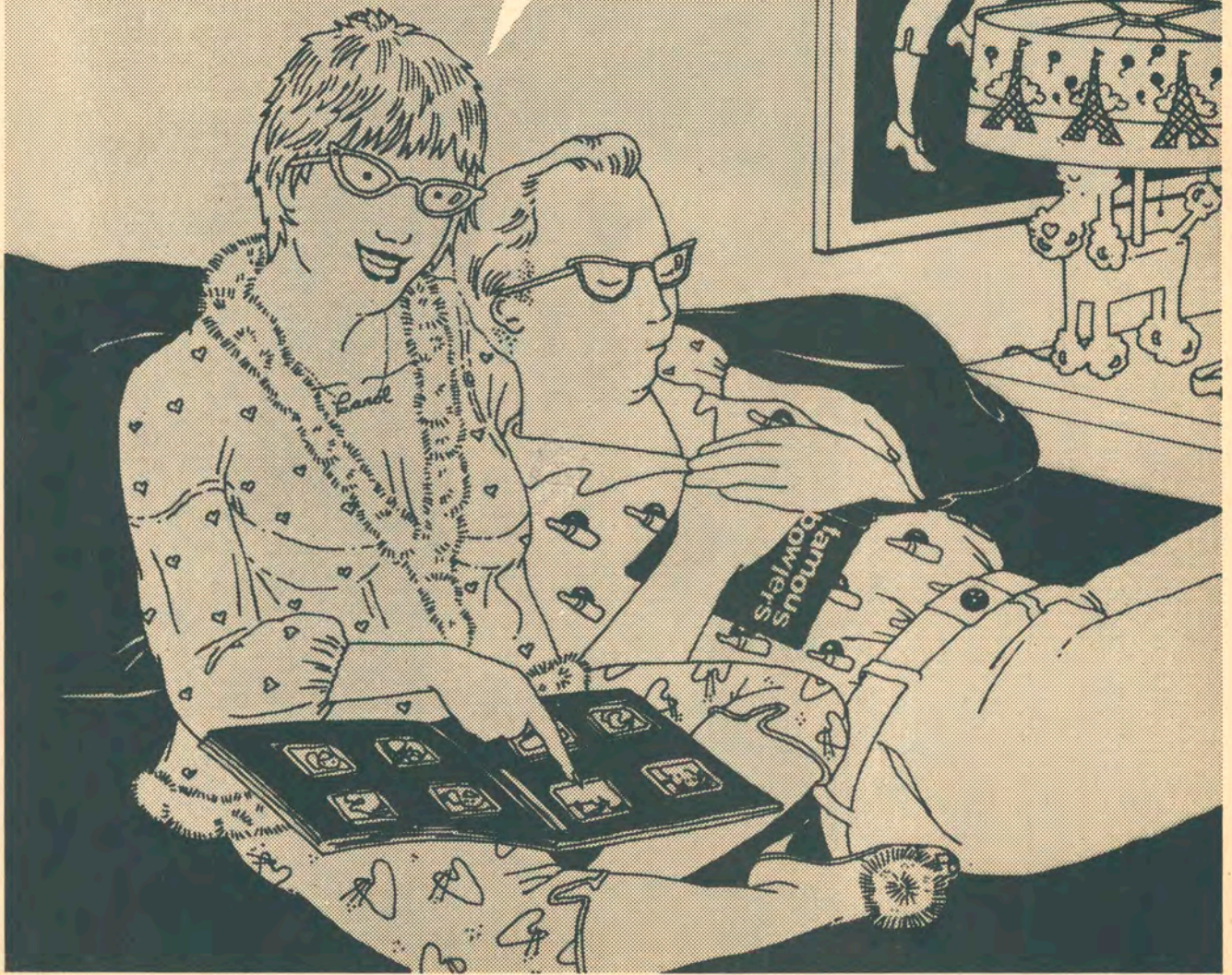
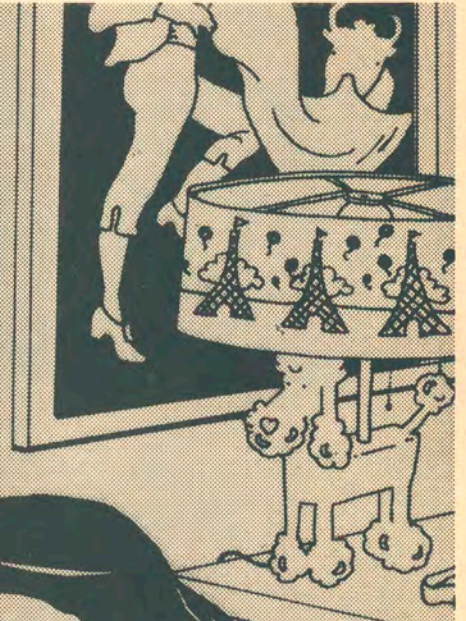
GLENN & CAROL

At
NIAGARA FALLS

...“the honeymoon is never over.”

BY LISA ADAMS WRITTEN BY OTIS SWEAT

THE "BOWLERMAN'S" IDEA OF A REALLY GOOD TIME IS TO CURL UP ON OUR BLACK SATINTEX SHEETS AND LET THE MEMORIES ROLL WITH GOODTIME PIX FROM THE OL' SCRAPBOOK!!!

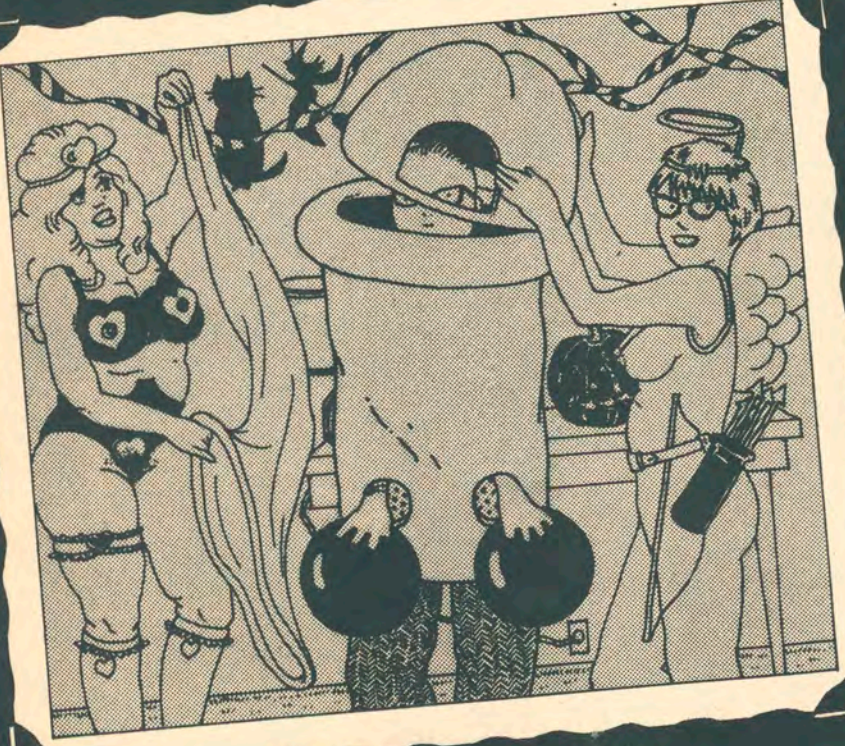




← "Swinging Neighbor" Sonya and I fight over the hose (not the 1st hose we've bought over, if you catch my drift!)



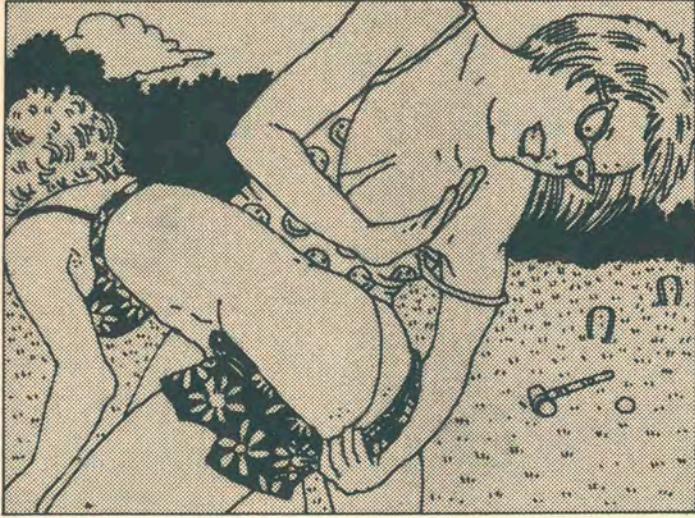
→ Here's me snatching a bite at the beach. That's Floyd, trying to pull a "Visa-versa." At the seashore, yes! - but a clam sandwich ??? Really!



← Our version of "Halloween" night. I'm the "cute cupid," Sonya's "Queen of ♥'s," but who's the prick in the middle??

Wouldn't you hate to meet his balls in a dark alley? Hardee-Har-Har - STRIKE!

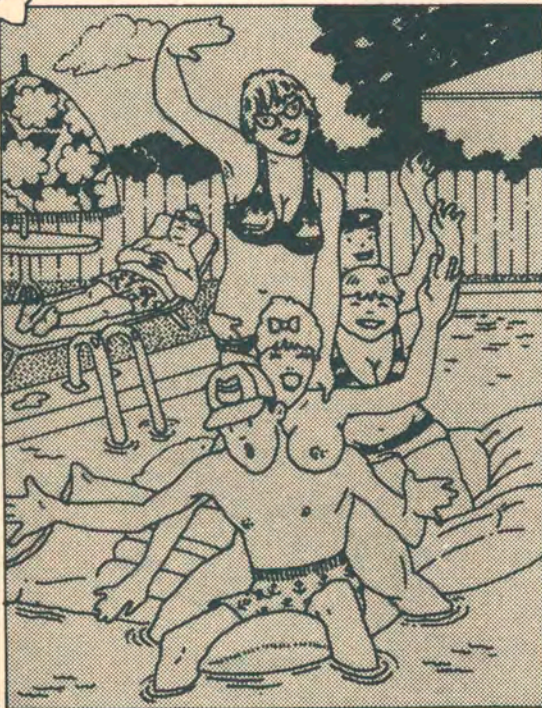
"Wicked Wickets"



I got a little behind in the game because of "Cheater Midge". Now here's me getting a "Big Behind".



How I suffer for my art! Arthur's the model! Right?!



Yo! Ho! Ho! 'an a bottle of "dumb"! Always up for a raf! All hands on dick!



Here's one blower blowing a blower with a blower!!!

When the camera flashed, he
almost blew his "bum-aid".
ha! ha! Poor Glenn!



Whoa-a-a! Caught Glenn treating his
ol' Chinese disease "Hung Chow."
What a Commando Raid!

"Never underestimate the power of
the enema."





Yum Yum Gets Seduced

We like to think, here at GENT, that we are very responsive to our readers. And this time, we think there'll be a lot of response on this set, featuring the buxom Yum Yum Yankowitz and her friend, Bette Williams. Bette does not quite match up to Yum Yum's great D-cup figure, 48-28-38. But, Bette is a very respectable 36-26-37, and she does go well with Yum Yum. And, it seems that this photo session was Bette's idea. She had always wanted to act out the seduction of a girl and Yum Yum was her first choice for a partner. She'd be our first choice too.









As you can see, these two lovely ladies had a great time. And, after a while it was just as exciting as it was fun. Bette says that she's always had this thing for Yum Yum's breasts, and it turned them both on when Yum Yum started to gradually strip. It's always nice to mix work with pleasure. As Bette said, "I can't get over how big Yum Yum's tits are; I'm really jealous." Yum Yum insists the pleasure was hers. Any old time.



Jamie Gillis: King Stud

He's a man who just can't get enough of balling girls—on and off the set. That, and the fact that he can orgasm on cue, have made him the porn movie industry's hottest box office stud.

What's life like for a man who makes his living out of balling? When Jamie Gillis began his career as a porn star seven years ago, his "nom de porno" changed with every picture. Gregory Pecker, Dick Small (or Dick Long) were just a few of the names the superporn star went by. Today, there is no need for anonymity as movie marquee proudly display the names of X-rated superstars such as Jamie.

BY RUDY MARS

Superstud that he is, Jamie's apartment is anything but flashy. Dirty clothing — heaps of it — is strewn about like the remains of some raunchy Greenwich Village orgy (circa 1965), reeking of sex, raw energy, and a strange sense of detachment. Containers of food and drink are cluttered in strategic spots around the kitchen. Sometimes they are passionately consumed, and other times left to decompose at their own leisure.

Tattered porno posters grace the walls of the small, dark hallway, creating a profane memory lane for the raincoat crowd. Ashtrays (boasting mountains of charred cherry pipe tobacco), empty wine bottles, and ghetto-chic furniture are among some of the more contemporary set pieces.

In short, Jamie Gillis' apartment is the pits. It is sleazy and steamy, reeking of decadence and the sweat between a cheap hooker's thighs. But for Jamie it is an intoxicating blend of all the delightful carnal aromas, and will always be "home sweet home."

When he leaves his abode, on a typical filming day, porno superstar, superstud Jamie Gillis rolls out of bed at 7:30 a.m. punctually, and arrives on the set at his earliest convenience thereafter. By nine, while the mikes are tested and lights adjusted, the lordly Mr. Gillis lounges in a far corner of the set as two eighteen-year-old nymphets gently, yet fervently, massage and tongue tickle his balls, priming him for his big champagne bubble bath love scene with leading lady Leslie Bovée. By 9:45, Jamie is lustily rearing the daylights out of Miss Bovee, creating a champagne tidal wave.

By the six o'clock "wrap," the inexhaustible Mr. G will have probably whisked through three costume changes,

skewered any number of fair damsels, delivered nine or ten lines of dialogue, come twice, and devoured upwards of three shrimp cocktails for lunch. He will collect a nifty \$200 for the day's work, hop a cab home, and knowing him, ball his brains out for the rest of the night.

Is this any way for a nice boy to be earning a living?

Well, if you want to know the truth, the man who starred in *The Story of Joanna*, *Midnight Desires*, and other porn classics, is digging the hell out of it!

"To go up to a woman and say, 'Hi, I'm Jamie Gillis. I'm a big porno star. Would you like to suck my big porno star dick?' is ludicrous to me."

GENT: Why have you emerged as the new male super-porn star?

JAMIE: Well, I'm a fairly decent actor and I can come on cue. It's very hard to find anybody who can come on cue, or who's a fairly decent actor in sex films.

G: When did you discover that you could come on cue?

J: The first time I had to come on cue. It was about five years ago in a sleazy loop I did. I've always been pretty much in control, sexually speaking, ever since I was a kid. Though I admit I didn't actually get laid until I was seventeen.

G: And then you went hog wild?

J: (Nods and smiles.) It was a liberating experience to discover that women liked sex.

G: We've discovered that you are the reigning "gourmand" on the porn scene.

J: Yes, I'm very sensual in terms of food. I have done things like spilling wine in a woman's pussy and lapping it up.

Interview

G: When you entertain a lady in your apartment, do you like to set a certain mood?

J: (Laughs.) I obviously don't worry too much about things like that. If I do play music, it's usually a mellow radio station, softly in the background. I don't want anything intruding. No loud overwhelming fuck music. I want that one-to-one thing to be as intense as possible, and I want to be totally aware of it.

G: So you don't have to lure women over here with any other enticements besides the legend of Jamie Gillis' cock?

J: Well, before it was Jamie Gillis' cock, I always was very fond of women and enjoyed them very much. I liked to fuck and it never was such a big problem to lure a woman into my bed. Besides, I don't often exploit my name or reputation as a sex symbol, although it has become easier. Not that I like to remain obscure, but that kind of arrogance I would find incredible. To go up to a woman and say (in a deep, sexy voice), "Hi, I'm Jamie Gillis. I'm a big porno star. Would you like to suck my big porno star dick?" is ludicrous to me. I feel that I'm charming and gracious and wonderful enough just as I am.

G: Do you share your bed with many women at one time?

J: I bring a lot of ladies up here. Women are to me like new countries or new wines: regions to explore; wonders to experience. That kind of variety is a very precious part of my life. That's not to say I haven't been in love; but if I was in love with one person I would probably still feel inclined to philander.

G: Does a woman have to be a bombshell to get in the sack with Mr. G?

J: It doesn't hurt. (Laughs.) But I have slept with some women of whom friends of mine have said, "How can you sleep with *that*?! But it's because I found something interesting in the woman.

G: When you learn that a woman wants to indulge in a particular type of kinky sex play, will you try to satisfy her?

J: I'm pretty sensitive to women. I can feel out what they need, what they want, even before we get to bed. There was one chick who was very much into piss and she wanted to be urinated in and on and around.

G: Was it an enduring relationship?

J: One night only, because, well, she was messy. I just

couldn't keep her around. She wanted to piss on the bed and the rug. Not that this place is so glamorous, but I do draw the line with pissing in the bed. I did enjoy the experience because it was an incredible one. When a woman really needs something, it becomes very exciting. *Need* is a real turn on.

"There was one chick who was very much into piss and she wanted to be urinated in and on..."

G: Where did you meet this woman?

J: I met her in a very bizarre bar in New York called "The Toilet." I always check out anything that's sexually strange, and "The Toilet" is unusual. It's a treat. So I checked it out, spotted this beautiful blonde at the bar and brought her home.

G: So you're constantly exploring different types of sexual avenues?

J: To me, sexual exploration is a need. I don't do something because it's "in," and I don't like to feel that my lifestyle is encouraging people to do things which are not important to them.

G: Have you ever paid for sex?

J: I have a couple times. Even now I'll do it on occasion. For example, there was a girl on the corner. One of the reasons I love this neighborhood is all the whores in the neighborhood. I patronize them very rarely. But I like the fact that they're here. It's part of my sexual world. Part of the atmosphere of sex, the smell of sex in the neighborhood that I love.

Anyway, there was one girl I saw often and I thought was attractive. Early one morning, like 5:30, I was alone and horny, and I saw her and said to myself, "This is a perfect night to get to know this chick." And I did. I know a lot of whores who are friends also.

A few came up the other night and we had an orgy. There was no money involved. Whores like to fuck, very often with people they enjoy, people they feel comfortable with. One lady told me that I should be in porno films because I had a big cock. She was probably just flattering me, but I found it very amusing. I told her I wasn't much of an actor, but that I would look into it.

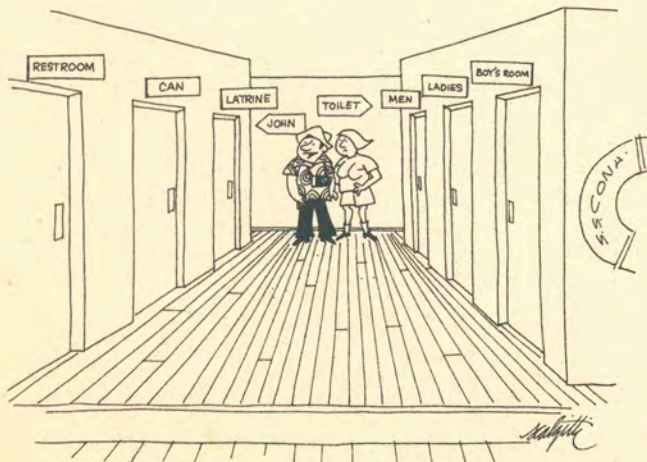
G: Have you ever charged for it yourself?

J: Once. I thought the concept of being a whore myself would be exciting. I went out on one job which was prearranged, but it turned out to be very boring. Another time a fan came up to me in the street and offered me \$150 to suck my cock. I didn't need the money, but the adventure was intriguing. So I went along with it.

G: Are you still turned on by your work?

J: I do get off a lot from film. It's not just work. I get the opportunity to do things which I rarely do in real life, like having a scene with three or four girls.

G: I saw you in *Midnight Desires* where you played a punk



"Must be the Poop Deck."

prizefighter. There was one especially hot scene where you dragged Vanessa del Rio up to a men's locker room, slapped her around the place, and then raped her. Vanessa later told me she was very turned on doing the scene.

J: I get very excited by girls who enjoy the fantasy of rape. And Vanessa, who is one of the hottest ladies in this or any business, does get off on it. It was a good scene for me, too.

G: Do you still act in any "One Day Wonders?" (Low-budget quickie features that are generally shot in one day.)

J: I still do some of the really sleazy things, mostly because they're fun. The main reason I don't do them often is because they don't want to pay me more than anyone else. I might pick up as much as \$75 for a "loop" (stag film), which isn't bad for balling somebody for fifteen minutes. I still get a kick out of it.

G: Do you enjoy doing a quickie with no real script, where you make up the lines as you go?

J: It is definitely fun to have the freedom to say and do anything I want. "One Day Wonders" are almost totally

"...My most recent thing is masturbating to tapes of phone calls I've made to girls..."

improvised. Occasionally they'll have a three-page script or something like that. The director sits everyone down before the shoot, tells them what their parts are and the basic structure of the film. Just like any acting or improvisation class. But again, I don't do very much of that because there's so little money involved.

G: Have you every gone to bed with anybody famous?

J: Nobody of any significance.

G: What's your latest kink?

J: I would say my most recent thing would be masturbating to tapes of phone calls I've made to either girls I know or girls I don't know. As a matter of fact, I was talking to a young lady just before you came over.

G: What was your conversation like?

J: She's somebody I've never met who I originally called as a wrong number. She's a very straight girl. She's never had anyone go down on her. She's never gone down on anyone. I liked her voice and she chews gum a lot. I asked her about her sex life. I tried to bring her out. I ask her about fucking, which is all she does sexually. I try to get an image of where she fucks, how she fucks, what position she fucks in. There's something about her simplicity, her innocence, that I get off on.

G: Do you get involved with full-scale telephone masturbation scenes with any of these girls?

J: Yeah, I jerked off with this girl.

G: Did she know you were jerking off?

J: Yes. I asked her, "Do you mind if I jerk off?" She said, "It's your body."

G: So you run these tapes back later and masturbate while listening to your lewd conversations with these women?

J: Exactly, I used to jerk off much more to magazines and

things, but for my last birthday somebody got me a tape recorder and I've found it to be a wonderful jerk-off tool.

G: When you were involved with "magazine masturbation," did you ever have a lingering relationship with a particular centerfold?

J: Of course. Some of the centerfolds I occasionally go back to. I have some which still turn me on after years. A lot of the pictures are my own. Pictures left over from nude modeling jobs which I saved for my archives. But I find the tapes much more satisfying. With them, I don't have to look at anything. I just turn it on and I'm listening and I have my hands free to play with myself or move in any position I like.

I've even taped situations with girls who were here in the apartment. I'll be balling a chick and turn the old recorder on. There was a great gangbang that I had here with two other guys and a girl that I love to listen to. It was very sadistic. We were whipping her and slapping her around and shoving things up her cunt, much to her delight, of course. It was very exciting. I don't want people to think, however, that I'm a complete brute. I do enjoy being dominated very much, but I'm not really into pain. I like aggressive women.

G: What would we find in your treasure chest of sexual paraphernalia?

J: I have anything you might imagine would be in a treasure chest. I have a riding crop and a pair of handcuffs, dildos, assorted vibrators. I have a couple of leather collars, a blindfold. I don't have any real nipple clips, but I do have clothespins, which serve pretty much the same purpose.

G: I noticed a baby's pacifier on your night table.

J: (Laughs.) I saw that pacifier in the mouth of a baby whose mother I knew, and I asked her if I could have it because it looked like a really nice pacifier. Occasionally I put it in my mouth and suck on it during a card game. It gives me definite oral satisfaction. I mean, people smoke cigarettes and take pipes, and then say, "A pacifier! How ridiculous!" If you put a pacifier in your mouth, then it's silly.

G: Are you into any kind of sexual costume scene?

J: I have a panty collection, which I've acquired over the years. When I'm with a girl who's attractive, being some-



"This looks like an easy lay — hand me my rubbers."

thing of a panty fetishist, I like to try to get her panties as a souvenir. I often fondle the panties and recall the woman who wore them.

G: Do you have a transvestite urge — do you dress up in women's clothes?

J: I've done that once or twice to see what it felt like. I dressed in drag for the first time not long ago. A girlfriend of mine wanted to go out with me like that. I try to put myself in the head of a female body. I believe it helps me to understand what women are like, and *what* they like.

G: Are you interested in the current rage of screwing in public places?

J: Some of my most erotic memories are from fucking in the street. Not like, "Hey, look at me! I'm fucking in the street!" But surreptitiously, where you probably *wouldn't* be discovered, but you *could* be discovered. One of my

"When I'm with a girl who's attractive, I like to get her panties as a souvenir...I often fondle them and recall the woman who wore them."

favorites was with a go-go dancer I met late at night and I wanted her to come home with me and she couldn't for various reasons. I started to seduce her on the street. "Aw, come on honey." We were up against a car, and while she was saying, "No, no, no. I'm not. I'm not. I'm not," I started fucking her right there, up against the car, the car, the car! (Laughs.) She was facing the car and I was pumping her from behind. One person did walk by, but it was dark and we adjusted our clothing and smiled casually. It was a very exciting experience.

Another great street experience was with Helen Madigan. I met Helen a few years ago. We were coming out of an interview. She had an apartment and I had an apartment, but we couldn't get together for some reason. There was a portable toilet on a construction site, so in the middle of the day we walked over there and I threw her in there. We tore off our clothes, and went to it. While we were fucking I could see people walking by as I looked over the top of the thing. It was very amusing to be balling her in a tiny portable toilet in the middle of a busy construction site.

G: What are some of the more bizarre demands that film directors have made on you?

J: I don't really enjoy fucking on a motorcycle, which I once had to do. Less than comfortable places like tables, lamps, toasters. Places where you can't really fully enjoy the woman you're with are no good.

G: Are you inhibited by the cameras and soundmen and the general tumult around you on a film set?

J: Ideally, I'm turned on to the girl and I don't care *what's* or *who's* around. I just focus on her. I try to transform what might be a negative experience, like the camera crew, into something positive by making them fantasy accomplices. I

can get into a fantasy of demonstrating the girl for them. Sometimes I even think of the audience — the men and women in the audience — when they see the film. It's like a gangbang in a way, or an orgy. That turns me on.

G: How many times a day on a film set must you shoot your load?

J: In the old days I could count on at least two wet scenes a day. Now, if I do one in a day it's a lot, because of better story lines, bigger budgets, and not quite as much sex now.

G: Has Jamie Gillis ever failed to get it up and off?

J: Failed? No.

G: Never?

J: Never. There have been times that have been more difficult than other times. But I've never failed. I've never gone home without doing my job — which is the way I look at it. No matter how difficult it is, I figure that's what I'm being hired for. You know? A little bit for my acting. A lot because I can come on cue. If I couldn't do my job, if I couldn't perform, I wouldn't be working. It's like a heavyweight fighter... he wants to go out with his crown intact. And I suppose that's what has happened to a lot of men in the sex film business. I don't want to say who's blown it. All I will say is that I am intact. My crown's intact.

G: Do you have any favorite bizarre thing you get off on?

J: I've joined the Eulenspiegel Society on a number of occasions.

G: What are they involved with?

J: Originally "they" were a man who was a masochist and put an ad in *Screw* magazine to advertise for other masochists. This man formed the Eulenspiegel Society, attracting to its ranks a lot of people who are into sado-masochism. They have meetings and parties. I remember one time they were meeting in a church. The church donated the space because it thought these sick people were getting together to try and overcome their problem. When the church found out they were getting together to *get together*, it kicked them the hell out! (Laughs.)

G: What were some of your experiences with the Eulenspiegel group?

J: One time I met a woman who wanted me to choke her, which was a little scary because she was really into it, and I was worried about hurting her. She liked the idea of being fucked and choked, which turned out in the end to be very exciting. Earlier that same evening, I met her at a Eulenspiegel party where she had been beating the shit out of this man, on stage for everyone to see, which is one of the things that attracted me to her.

G: Where do you see yourself going from here?

J: I'm at the top of the porno pile and I'd like to take on bigger acting jobs, not necessarily sex roles. I consider myself an actor.

G: Do you one day hope to get a call from a big Hollywood producer? Do you think Hollywood is moving toward that?

J: I don't know. I really don't. I suppose they are. But if they do, then maybe they won't need me. If Hollywood is really going to get into multi-million dollar sex productions, then why not try to talk Warren Beatty into screwing on screen?

G: But can Warren Beatty come on cue?

J: That remains to be seen.



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